

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

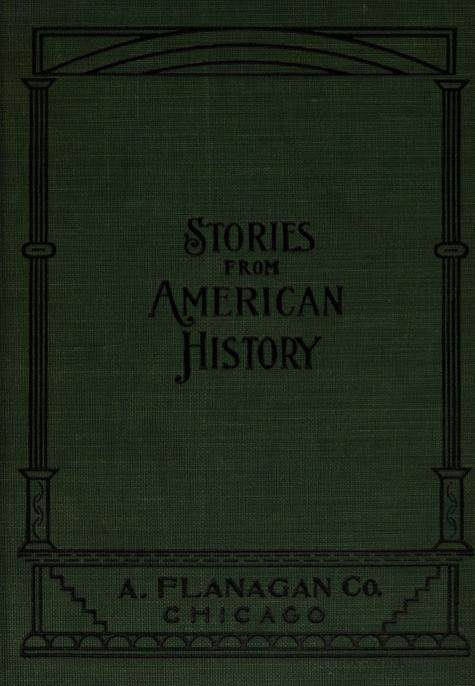
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

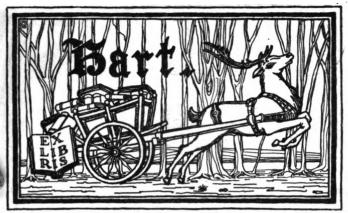
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





Albert Bushnell Bart

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY



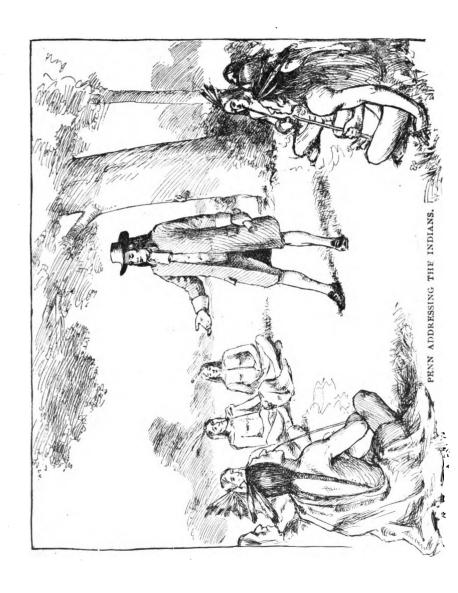
THE GIFT OF
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

OF CAMBRIDGE

Class of 1880

Digitized by Google

3 2044 097 036 735



⁹ STORIES

FROM

AMERICAN HISTORY

EDWARD S. ELLIS, A. M.

Author of "The Young People's Standard History of the United States,"
"Common Errors in Writing and Speaking," etc.

A. FLANAGAN CO., Publishers CHICAGO

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

LOV (6, 1926

COPYRIGHT, 1896.
BY
A. FLANAGAN.

INTRODUCTION.

The object of this little book is to interest children in the history of their country. No attempt is made to give a connected or consecutive record, but rather to relate a number of striking incidents and to arouse the desire for an acquaintance with the full story of the "greatest land on which the sun ever shone." Since the volume is intended for quite young pupils, the language is simple and direct, and it is believed that everything is told in a way that will not only interest and be understood, but will be instructive to the boys and girls not yet old enough to take up a regular course in the study of history.

The series consists of three books, of which the present is the first. The second book is "Epochs in American History," and the third, "Lives of the Presidents of the United States."

CONTENTS.

I.	What Ponto Saw	1
II.	Never Give Up	20
III.	The Greatest Voyage Ever Made	27
IV.	The Discovery of the Pacific Ocean	40
V.	A Wise and Good Settler—William Penn .	47
VI.	A Wise and Good Settler—William Penn.—	
	Continued	55
VII.	Another Wise and Good Settler - General	
	Oglethorpe	65
VIII.	An Unwise and Wicked Ruler-Governor	
	Berkeley	80
IX.	A Young Virginian—George Washington .	92
X.	The Martyr Patriot	111
XI.	"General Washington Needs Me, Mother" .	125
XII.	The Wise Act of a Silly Boy	142
XIII.	"The Brains of the Revolution"—Benjamin	
	Franklin	153
XIV.	How Our Forefathers Lived	166

Stories From American History.

I.

WHAT PONTO SAW.

ONTO was an Indian boy, fifteen years old. He lived in a house with his father and mother, and with a sister so young and small that she was called a pappoose. The house was made of the skins of wild animals, spread over upright poles that were wide apart at the bottom but joined at the upper ends. It looked like a tent, such as lads build when they camp out in summer. There was an opening at the top, for the smoke to go through when a fire was burning inside on the ground. This rude home was known as a wigwam, or lodge, or tepee.

Now Ponto, like all Indian boys, was fond of hunting and fishing. He often went for many miles alone through the woods. Sometimes he did not come home at night and might be gone for two or three days, but his folks did not worry. He was big enough to take care of himself.

Ponto's father was a great warrior. None knew better than he how to use his spear and knife and tomahawk against other Indians. That was about all he did, except to fish and hunt when he felt like it. When he came home he lolled in the sun and smoked his pipe with its long stem, while his wife or squaw did the work. She gathered the sticks for the fire which cooked the game, and scratched the ground so as to plant a few seeds. Then she gave her husband the nicest furs on which to sit or lie down, while she did not complain if she had to sit in a cold, dark corner.

Now and then Ponto went hunting with other dusky boys and they had fine sport in running races, wrestling and playing a game something like that which nowadays is called "tag." His people had no churches, or schools, or stores, or books, or papers, and no one knew what it meant to write and read a letter.

When you read about Indians, you think of their using bows and arrows, though for a good many years, they have had firearms like white people, but the red men where Ponto lived did not have any bows and arrows. Their spears were pointed with flint or bone ground to a fine point and their knives were made of bone, for they had no iron or steel.

If you could have seen Ponto or his father hurl his spear, you would have said that he had no need of a gun. Young as was this Indian boy, he could throw his long slim spear with so true an aim that he would hit a small object a hundred yards away. You would have had to be very quick to dodge his spear. Even though he stood a long

way off, it would be apt to pass through your body. One bright October morning, Ponto with his slender spear set out to hunt in the wood, which were on all sides of his father's wigwam. He wore shoes of soft skin with bright beads worked in them. Such shoes are called moccasins. He had on a short skirt, also made of untanned skin, which covered his waist and reached to his knees. but his legs and arms were bare. He lived in a country where the climate is mild nearly all the time and then. too, the Indians can stand the cold and heat much better than we. When

the weather was very warm Ponto and his people wore no clothing at all.

The hair of the Indian boy was long and black and hung loose about his shoulders. It was as coarse as a horse's mane. Two eagle's feathers, stained a bright yellow, were stuck in the thick hair on his crown and looked very showy. Indians are fond of gaudy colors and Ponto had around his left wrist a band of pure gold, which his father had hammered out for him and of which he was very proud.

You might have stood near enough to Ponto to touch him with your hand and yet you would not have heard him if he should walk past you. He learned when a great deal younger to step so softly that he did not move the leaves on the ground and made scarcely any noise at all. It is a great art to go through the woods like a shadow, but the Indians do it, so as not to scare away the game, before they can get a shot at it.

All at once, Ponto stopped. You and I would have wondered what led him to do so, for the forest was as still as it could be. In the distance, sounded the sweet songs of birds and quite near was the deep boom of the ocean, for he was close to the sea. But the keen ear of the young hunter had caught a sound different from these. It was made by a songster in stepping along the limb of a

tree, the distance being so short that it was not worth its while to fly.

Now, you will say that even a large bird in doing this would make no sound at all. That is true, as it seems to us, but Ponto heard the faint tapping on the bark and turning his keen black eyes upward, saw the feathers of a bright green, orange and red bird. The bird must have had sharp eyes too, for when Ponto looked up, it had cocked its head to one side, in a queer way, as if it did not know what sort of a creature was standing below and was in doubt whether to fly off or to study him a little while longer.

Without stirring his feet, the young Indian raised his right hand which held his spear near the middle, and reached as far back of his shoulder as he could. He kept his eyes fixed on the bird which was peeping over the limb at him. Then the right hand darted forward like a flash and the spear shot upward so quickly that it could hardly be seen. But the aim was a wonderful one. The spear split the neck of the bird, as if it were a green leaf, and, taking the head part away with it, curved above the tree tops and came down a long distance from the tree. The bird itself tumbled off the limb and fell almost at the feet of Ponto who picked it up and plucked several of its bright feathers. He was fond of his mother and little sister and he meant to take the feathers home as a present for them.

But the boy did not intend to lose his spear. He knew from the force with which he had thrown it and the course it took where to look for it. So he walked fast between the trees, taking care not to rumple the leaves, and by and by he saw the spear with its head stuck in the ground and the handle pointing towards the sky. He pulled it up and was ready for more sport of the same kind.

But the strangest sight of all his life now broke upon him. In walking forward to get the spear, he came to the edge of the ocean. He had been there many times before and looked out on the vast sea, stretching far away until the sky and water met. He had seen it almost as calm as a pond in summer and he had seen it lashed into great roaring waves which chased one another up the beach or broke into foam and spray against the rocks. More than once he had sat down in his little boat, which was a log hollowed out, so that it was like a shell, and with his paddle driven the canoe as boats made that way and of bark are called, with great swiftness along the shore. But he did not dare go far from land, through fear that he might be caught in one of the fierce storms and drown.

Ponto loved, too, to lie on his back in the dim forest and look up at the sky, with the fleecy clouds drifting like rifts of snow through the blue air. As he lay thus, he wondered how far beyond the clouds lived the Great Spirit, whom he thought of with awe and fear. Sometimes he believed he saw His great eyes peering down on him and he knew he heard His voice, when the storm raged in the forest and tore up the huge trees and flung them about as if they were blades of grass.

But Ponto loved, more than anything else, to stand on the shore and gaze out on the heaving ocean, as far as he could see. He often asked himself whether a canoe could not be made large enough to carry him out to that line where the sea and the sky came together, and whether he could not climb up the curving dome into the happy hunting grounds, where all good Indians went when they died. I cannot begin to tell you one-half the strange thoughts that came to Ponto at these times.

He walked from among the trees and cast a look over the water, when he stood still unable to speak or stir. He could only stare and wonder whether he was awake or dreaming.

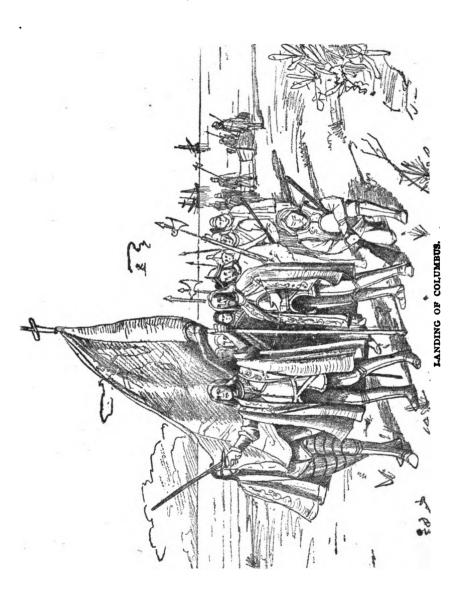
Not very far from shore, three vast birds, as he thought, were sitting on the water. They had white wings of huge size, with long, slim prongs sticking upwards from their backs. While he was looking, a white puff, with a red tongue in the middle, darted from the side of the biggest bird, and a noise like a crash of thunder rolled over the

water to where the boy stood and made him start with fear.

And then Ponto saw what it all meant. That which he had thought were great birds were big canoes, so big indeed that a great many men were seen moving about on them. These men were not dressed like his people and their faces were not the same. They were of a pale color, and many of them had beards or hair on the lower parts of their faces, which hid their mouths. Some had beards as black as Ponto's hair, while others had a red or sandy color, and with a few it was mixed with gray. Several had beard on the upper lip only, or on the upper lip and chin. One man, who seemed to be the leader, had a gray beard and thin, gray hair.

While Ponto was looking in awe, a small boat or canoe as he called it, left the side of each of the larger ones and the men began rowing toward shore. In the front of one of these canoes, with his foot resting on the edge, stood the leader, with a sword in one hand, while the other held a staff upright, to which was fastened a broad banner of silk, with curious figures in gold on it. In each of the other boats the same kind of banner or standard was seen.

From the way the boats were heading, Ponto saw that they would come as nore not far from where he was standing. He was about to run and hide in



the woods, when his father and a number of warriors came timidly forward as if to meet the strange visitors. They had fled on first seeing them, but reading aright their signs of good will, they now came back to give the white men welcome. This cheered Ponto, who ran along the shore and joined his friends.

The prow of the boats grated against the gravelly beach, and the leader standing in front sprang out as lightly as if he were a boy. Taking off his hat, with its plumes, he dropped on his knees, bent over and kissed the ground, as if it were the lips of a loved child, whom he had not seen for a long time. Then he looked up at the sky, and Ponto saw the tears flowing down his wrinkled cheeks, as his lips moved in prayer. All his companions bent their heads and joined in thanks to the Great Spirit that had brought them thousands of miles across the ocean to this strange land which no one of them had ever seen before.

When the leader rose, the others crowded round him. Some of them were crying, and it was easy to tell that they were asking him to forgive them for some wrong they had done him. His looks showed that he forgave them. He was so happy that he forgot all their ill words and deeds.

Then the leader swung his sword round his head and said something in a loud voice. None of Ponto's people knew what it meant, but I may as well tell you that this great sailor called out that the land on which he stood and all that he might find belonged to the king and queen that had helped him to come such a long way across the ocean.

The visitors smiled, so that their white teeth shone through their beards, and they looked so kind and pleasant that the Indians felt no more fear. The white men had many little things that were strange to Ponto, which they gave to the natives who had never seen anything so pretty. One tall man wore a broad-brimmed hat, with a waving feather in the crown, big boots with the tops turned over above the knees, trousers with a belt around the waist, and made of cloth which was new to the Indians. In the belt was a knife that was sharp and shining, but was not bone, like the knives the natives used. At his side hung a much longer knife or sword, in a sheath of leather, and with a handle that had many fine figures worked on it.

This man with a long red beard, held in one hand a little image which looked for the world like himself. With the other hand he jerked on a string fastened to it. As he did so, the image threw up its arms and kicked out with its feet in so funny a way that all the Indians laughed. Ponto was sure it was the finest thing he had ever seen in all his life. He laughed harder than any one else, and when

the smiling white man, with the long red beard, handed it to him, he could hardly contain himself for joy.

He laid down his spear, and, holding the image as he had seen the man do, he gave several quick pulls at the spring. You ought to have seen the arms and legs fly! Some of his people were so tickled that they jumped about just as it did, and as for Ponto, he dropped to the ground and rolled over with mirth.

Then, sitting up for a moment, he jerked the string again and laughed and rolled about as before. Ponto did not stop to think that he was funnier than the image itself, until he saw all the white men looking at him and shaking with laughter. Even the grave face of the leader was lit up with a smile at the antics of the boy.

Then Ponto rose to his feet, but almost tumbled down again, when the white man showed by signs that the wonderful plaything was a present to him. He caught up his spear and eagerly offered it in payment, but the man shook his head and pointed to the gold circle around Ponto's wrist. How gladly the youth twisted his hand through it and gave it to the white man! He would have given a score like it for the image that seemed to be alive. He was proud of his prize and all his friends envied him.

But there were more just like it, besides tinkling bells, bright beads and spangled cloth. Nothing pleased the white man so much as the rude ornaments of gold worn by the Indians, and quite a trade went on between the natives and visitors for the precious metal; but by and by the leader stopped it for it broke some law for any one to take gold from the natives except himself.

The visitors stayed several days with the natives, and all acted like so many brothers. They gave the white men luscious fruits, and, when the leader was not watching, traded gold for the trinkets, of which the visitors had hundreds. The natives rowed out to the ships in the smaller boats or in their own canoes, and Ponto and several boys swam there and back. Among the presents to the white men were a number of green parrots and birds with beautiful plumage. By and by the visitors bade the natives good bye and sailed away. And now I will tell you how it was that those men came to visit the red people on the other side of the world, so many long, long years ago.

II.

NEVER GIVE UP.

A great while ago, there was a good old man who lived in the convent of La Rabida (lah-rabeeda), in Spain. His name was Juan Perez and no one spoke ill of him. He was kind to all and never turned a hungry person away from his door, without food. He dressed in poor garb, for he had no pride, but even the king and queen of Spain said there was no better man in the whole kingdom than the friar, Father Merchena.

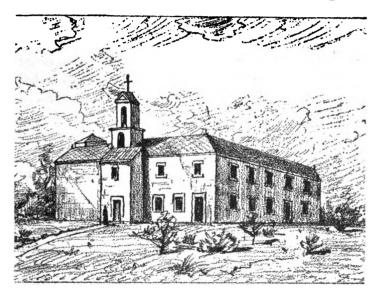
One day a person came to the door of the convent and asked to see Father Merchena. The two knew each other, for the visitor had been there before and left his little boy with the friar, who took the parent's hand and told him to come in and eat and rest, for he saw that the man was tired and hungry.

"I have come to get my boy, Diego (de-ah' go)," said the caller; "you have been kind to him and me, as you are to every one, but I will burden you no more."

"My son," said Father Merchena, with his sweet smile, "it is not a burden, but my greatest joy to help others. We have grown to love your son and would be glad to keep him always, and you know you are welcome as long as you will stay."

"True, I know that, but I am done with Spain; I am going away, never to set foot in the country again."

Father Merchena did not need to ask the man whose heart was so sad, why he had made up his



CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

mind thus to leave Spain. The name of the visitor was Chris-to-pher Columbus. He was about fifty years old, but he was bent and gray, for he had passed through great sufferings and was almost ready to give up hope. He was born in

Genoa (jen' o-a), Italy, and while young was fond of study and so loved the sea that he became a sailor while still a boy.

In those days nearly everybody thought the earth was flat, so that if a ship sailed too far, it would fall off the edge, or, if it went many miles, the boiling waves or huge monsters would kill the sailors. There were a few, however, who believed the world to be round, and Columbus was sure it was true. He did not think the earth was as large as it is. All of them thought that if a ship sailed westward from Europe, and kept on sailing for a long time, it would reach the shore of India or the eastern side of Asia.

This idea became so fixed in the mind of Columbus that he kept talking about it and could hardly think of anything else. He said many times that if any one would give him the ships, for he had no money himself, he would prove he was right. Nearly all to whom he talked laughed at him, or, if they did not laugh, they felt pity and made up their minds that he was not quite right in his head. In these days men like Christopher Columbus are called "cranks."

But no matter what people said, they could not shake the belief of Columbus. Sometimes, too, he saw that the men to whom he talked half believed he was right, and then he talked more earnestly than ever. He first tried to get his own country to help him, but it would not, and then he begged aid from the king of Portugal, of England and at last of the king and queen of Spain, for at that time Spain had a king and a queen ruling at the same time. Some of the great people seemed ready to do as he wished, but in the end all said "No."

For nearly seven years Columbus stayed in Spain, where he made many friends and they helped him in pleading with Is-a-bel'la, who was the queen, and with Fer'di-nand', who was the king. More than once the gentle queen was almost ready to grant the prayer of Columbus, but at last she said the cost was too great and she could do nothing for him.

It was about this time that Columbus received a letter from the king of France asking him to come and see him. So, having wasted almost seven years in Spain, Columbus now started for France. He was on his way thither, when he stopped at the convent of La Rabida to get his boy to take with him.

Father Merchena felt so badly over the news that he asked Columbus to wait in the convent until he sent a letter to Queen Isabella and received her answer. Columbus said he would do so and the letter was sent in haste. The queen in reply asked the friar to come to her. Father Merchena was as happy as Columbus, and set out in the

night time on his mule. The queen listened to all the good man said in favor of Columbus and his scheme and delighted the friar by sending money to Columbus that he might buy a mule and seemly clothing, and ordered him to come to see her.

You may be sure that Columbus lost no time in doing as he was bid. He saw that the queen was deeply interested in his words and offered to help him in making his great voyage. She asked so large a share in the profits, however, that Columbus would not agree, and when he mounted his mule again, he faced toward France, with the resolve that nothing should turn him aside from his course.

But it was not so to be. Many people in Spain believed that Columbus was right, and that if he went to France, that country would gain the glory that Spain was about to throw away. They made haste to the queen and told her that Columbus must not be allowed to leave the country, and that such a chance, if lost, would be lost forever. He would soon be gone and then it would be too late to correct the mistake.

This time Isabella was fully won over. When the surly king told her there was no money to be had, she said she would sell her jewels to raise it. A man sprang on horseback and was ordered to ride hard and never pause until he had overtaken Columbus. After a long ride the messenger overtook Columbus and told his message. The old man shook his head and replied that he had thrown away too much time already. He did not intend to waste any more and he started his mule on again. But the messenger would not let him go. He said the queen had pledged herself to do all that he asked, and what more could he expect from the king of France?



ISABELLA.

Columbus knew that if Queen Isabella had given her promise she would keep it,—so he turned his mule about and rode back with the messenger, his heart beating high with hope, for it looked as if his prayer was to come true at last. He found the queen full of ardor and so eager to help him that Columbus was more delighted than ever. She

said she would do all that he asked and would allow him to bear one-eighth of the cost of the outfit, for which he would receive the same share of the profits. Columbus was able to do this through the help of three famous sailors that were brothers, and named Pinzon. They had plenty of money and were among those who believed in Columbus.

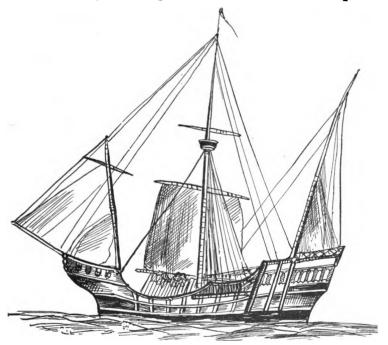
How strongly the life of Columbus teaches us that when we have set out to do something we should never give up? Had this navigator been like most people he would have lost all hope and dropped his work years before success came to him. A king was once fleeing before his enemies and had to hide in a barn. While lying there, he saw an ant trying to carry a grain of corn, much bigger than himself, up one of the beams. The ant failed ten times and ten more times and still more, but it kept tugging away until it won. Then the king felt that he had given up too soon. So he went to fighting again and in the end secured freedom for his country. The youth who stops work after the first or second or third failure will never succeed in doing much good in this world. One of the best rules ever made for boys and girls and men and women, too, is: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

And now I will show you how Columbus became one of the greatest men that ever lived by sticking to the rule of never giving up, no matter what was in his way.

III.

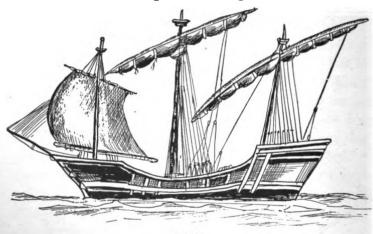
THE GREATEST VOYAGE EVER MADE.

It was in the month of April, 1492, that Queen Isabella agreed to give Columbus all the help he



SANTA MARIA.

needed in making his voyage in search of new countries. But this was by no means the end of his trials. When he set out to hire sailors, they shook their heads and walked away from him. They believed that every man who sailed on the wild voyage would never come back, but would be lost at sea. He never would have been able to get a crew to manage the ships but for the help of the Pinzon brothers. They not only gave the money needed but all three promised to go with Columbus.



PINTA.

They were skillful sailors, and other seamen had more faith in them than in Columbus, —so, when the brothers said they were not afraid, others were ready to follow even into great danger.

Three vessels were fitted out. The largest was the Santa Maria (san' ta ma-ree'a.) It had a deck, but was a very small boat when compared with the ocean steamers and ships of the present day. Few persons would dare to cross the Atlantic in another Santa Maria, even in these times, when so much is known of the voyage. Columbus took charge of it. The Pinta was still smaller. One of the Pinzons was its captain and his brother the pilot. The other brother was captain of the Nina, of about the same size as the Pinta.

It may be that some of you saw boats made the same as these at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. They were exactly like those that sailed from Palos (pa' los), August 3, 1492, with about 120 men. The wives and children of the sailors wrung their hands and cried when the little ships sailed away, for they did not believe that their loved ones would ever come back to them.

Columbus thought he would have trouble with these men, for many of them were sullen from the first. They wished that something might happen that would force him to return to Spain. So three days after starting, the rudder of the *Pinta* broke, or more likely one of the sailors broke it on purpose. Captain Pinzon repaired it up as best he could and "put in" at the Canary Islands, hoping to get a new vessel, but there was none to be had. A rudder was made for the *Pinta*, and once more the three tiny vessels sailed out on the broad Atlantic.

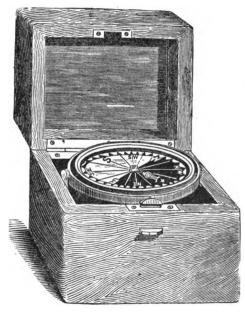
The farther the ships went, the more hopeful

Columbus felt and the more sullen grew the sailors. Some of them, of course, believed the same as he did, and were ready to go as far as he wished, but most of them were certain that with every day and night they kept the prows of their vessels turned westward, their chances of seeing home again were lessened. They would have welcomed partial shipwreck, if it would only make their stubborn leader turn back.

Columbus had to use every means he could think of to prevent the sailors from taking charge of the vessels and going home. He threatened punishments and then promised large rewards, and said he would give a handsome present to the first one that caught sight of land, which he assured them they would see before many days.

You know that when a ship is sailing over the ocean, in any part of the world, the captain can tell how many miles he goes each day. They have known how to do this for hundreds of years. Columbus kept the reckoning, as it is called, but he took care that none of his men saw it. When they wished to know how far they had gone, he showed them a reckoning which made it seem that they had not sailed nearly as far as was the fact. Not one of the men suspected that he was deceiving them.

But, after a time, Columbus himself saw something which surprised him, for he had never heard of the like before. Every vessel that sails the seas has a compass, for without such a guide it would lose its way like a boy in the woods. No one can tell exactly why the needle of the compass acts as it does; for in some parts of the world it points straight toward the north, and in other places in a little different direction. The timid navigators in



MARINER'S COMPASS.

the time of Columbus did not go very far and had not learned, therefore, of this variation of the needle, as it is called.

One day, however, when Columbus looked at the compass, he noticed that the needle was not pointing directly toward the north star,

and as the vessel sailed onward the needle turned farther and farther from the true course. He did not know what to make of it, and, as a matter of fact, even at this late day, the most learned men do not fully understand the action of the mariner's ompass.

Any person in the place of Columbus would have been scared, and no doubt he did feel some alarm, but, if so, it did not affect his resolve to keep on to the westward. He took care to say nothing to any of his men of the strange thing, but he knew they would soon find it out, and he had to think of some way to soothe their fear.

Sure enough, the sailors soon learned about the compass and hurried to him in alarm to learn what it meant.

"It is very simple," said Columbus; "the needle really points to the north, but the north star has a revolution of its own, which takes it off to one side; the needle is as true as ever, but the north star has changed its position."

The sailors knew that Columbus was a learned man and they believed what he told them. How amazed he as well as they would have been, had they known that by sailing north they would find the needle after a time pointing straight down toward the earth, while a little further on it would point to the south!

The next day, two birds flew around the ships, speeding off in the distance and then coming back and circling round the vessels, as if they did not know what to make of the strange objects. They peeped down at the men watching them in turn, and apparently when they had learned all they could, flew away and were soon lost to view in the distant sky. Since these birds could not have flown all the way from Europe, hundreds of miles distant, it would seem that the sailors ought to have given up all fear that they were drawing near any danger.

There are winds which blow for weeks and months across the ocean in one direction, and then turn and blow as long in the other direction. They are of so much help to ships that they are called "trade winds." It happened that they were now blowing to the westward and the Santa Maria, Pinta and Nina moved so smoothly and evenly that for day after day not one of the sails was changed.

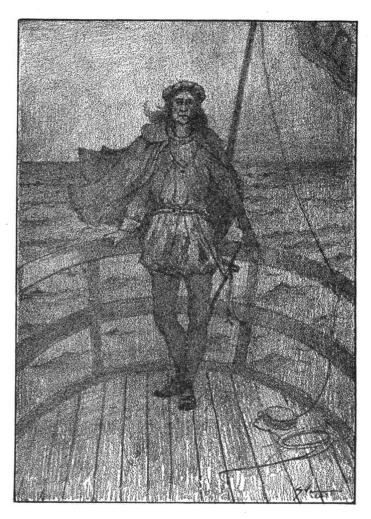
Looking down in the gently heaving sea, the sailors saw green grass and weeds drifting past. Some of it caught on the prows of the vessels and was carried with it. A crab was wriggling on a bunch of grass, and, leaning over the side of his vessel, Columbus managed to fish it up to the deck. Then another bird flew around the ships, and, having taken a good look at them sped off to the southwest, as if to tell its friends the wonderful news. Besides this some of the Spaniards, who

knew they had sharp noses sniffed the air and said they could smell land.

These signs raised the spirits of the men and all were alert to be the first to catch sight of the land that could not be far off. But the days and nights came and went and the straining eyes saw nothing but the great ocean shutting down on every side. The sailors soon fell into an ugly mood again. They gathered in groups and agreed that if Columbus did not turn back pretty soon, they would throw him overboard and take charge of the ships themselves. He used all the skill he had to keep them to their duty and they decided to wait a little longer before doing so dreadful a thing.

One day, Columbus and several of his friends were bending over a map and trying to trace their course, when they heard a shout from the *Pinta*. Looking up, they saw Captain Pinzon acting like a wild man. He was at the stern of his vessel swinging his arms and shouting: "Land! Land! I have discovered it and claim the reward."

He pointed to the southwest and turning their eyes in that direction, every one was thrilled by the sight. The happy Columbus sank on his knees and thanked God. Captain Pinzon repeated a hymn of praise and both crews joined with him. The course of the vessels was changed to the southwest and hardly an eye was closed that night.



COLUMBUS ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 11TH, 1492.

But when morning came, it brought a sad disappointment. No land was in sight. That which they took for land was a low bank of clouds that melted away in the sunlight. It seemed as if the voyage was never to end. The sailors told Columbus they would go no further, and that he must turn back or they would do so themselves. He said in reply that he would never go home until he found the country for which he was searching. He had to agree, however, that if they would keep on for three days more without seeing land, he would do as they wished. The sailors gave their consent, for new signs appeared almost every hour.

On the night of October 11, Columbus stood alone at the stern of his vessel, gazing through the darkness to the westward. How strange his thoughts must have been! Ever since he was a boy he had dreamed of this great voyage and for many years he had tramped about Europe and begged in vain for the means to make it. The end was now near, for, unless land was soon found, he would have to sail back to Spain and be laughed at for the rest of his days and that, too, when he knew he was on the verge of the grandest discovery in the history of the world.

Suddenly he started. Through the gloom to the westward, he saw what looked like a star, low down in the sky. But it was moving! It went up and

down and kept pressing to one side as a light does in the hand of a man running along the beach. Columbus rubbed his eyes and looked again. The light was still to be seen, but afraid that he was mistaken, he called to one of his friends and asked him to look to the westward. He did so and declared that he saw a moving light. Still afraid that it could not be true, Columbus asked another person to climb up beside him. When this man had done so, the light was gone.

Long before it was break of day on the next morning, one of the little cannon on the *Pinta* flashed through the gloom and its deep report rolled over the ocean. One of the sailors on that boat had caught the dim outlines of land only a few miles off. Everyone was filled with excitement. As the rising sun threw its rays over the Atlantic, there lay the land right before them, green with vegetation and bright and fragrant with flowers, from among which the dusky natives peeped out with fear and wonder.

The three vessels droped anchor and each sent a boat ashore. I have already told you about the landing of Columbus, for you know that Ponto, the Indian boy, was among those that came down to the beach to welcome the white men. Columbus gave the name of San Salvador to the island where he landed. It is one of the group called the Bahamas,

but just where Columbus and his men first set foot in the New World is not known. The great navigator believed it was off the shore of India, and for that reason he called the natives, Indians, a name which has clung to the native race of our country ever since.

The Spaniards remained several days and then sailed away. They visited a good many other islands, and off Santo Domingo the Santa Maria was wrecked. Her cargo and men were moved to the Pinta and Nina, but forty-three of the Spaniards asked Columbus to let them stay in the country. He was quite willing and left them there. I am sorry to say, however, that these Spaniards, after Columbus went away, acted with such awful cruelty toward the Indians that they joined together and killed every one of the white men.

Columbus reached Palos after a stormy voyage, March 15, 1493. He was received with the highest honors, for he won glory for Spain never equaled before or since. The news of what he had done spread through Europe, and Spanish ships with soldiers and sailors began sailing westward in search of the vast wealth that was supposed to be found in the new lands beyond the Atlantic. Some of these Spaniards went to America and others to Mexico and Peru, where they met many wonderful adventures. Spain at that time was one of the most

powerful nations in the world, and she soon conquered nearly all of South America and that part of North America now called Mexico. She paid little attention to what at present is the United States, for her explorers were in search of gold and silver. They were cruel and showed no mercy to the Indians.

Columbus made three more voyages across the Atlantic, but he never saw the continent of North America. On his third voyage, in 1498, he landed near the Orinoco River in South America, with not a thought that it was a continent. It is sad to think that after the good Queen Isabella died, Ferdinand, the king, treated Columbus with great unkindness and forgot the grand work he had done for Spain and the world. Once Columbus was brought home from America in irons, by one of the king's officers. He died a broken hearted old man, without knowing that he had discovered a New World.

A traveler named Americus Vespuccius (a-mer'icus ves-poosh'i-us), was the first man to describe America as a continent, and it was named in his honor, instead of being called after Columbus, the real discoverer.

IV.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

It was not a great many years ago that persons in this country who fell into debt could be put in prison by those to whom they owed money and kept there till they paid their debts or died. Thousands of people in England, the United States and in other countries have thus suffered and ended their lives in jail, while their wives and children starved.



One day, about twenty years after Columbus discovered America, a Spanish captain sailed from Spain for the Caribbean Sea. He had a fine ship and crew and for a time all went well. When he was a good way on the voyage, however, a strange thing happened. A part of his cargo consisted of empty

hogsheads and large casks, and from one of them a man crawled forth. He had watched a chance to hide in it when none of the crew was watching before the vessel left port and took care to keep out of sight until the ship had gone so far on her voyage that he knew the captain would not turn back to port to put him ashore.

But the captain was very angry because of the trick played on him.

"You are a rascal," said he, "and I will leave you on the first barren island we reach; I will not have you any longer with me than I can help."

The man begged the captain not to be so harsh with him.

"I will work for you," he said, "and do whatever you wish. I am a sailor and you will find that I am worth more than my passage."

The captain needed no help from the "stowaway," as such persons are called, but the poor fellow begged so hard that he was allowed to become one of the crew and he labored faithfully, so that he would not be left to die on a lonely island.

The name of this man was Balboa. He had cheated so many people in Spain that the only way for him to keep out of prison was to flee from the country. He had hard work to do that, for his creditors watched him closely, but he found a chance to hide in the cask, as I have shown you, and thus cheated them again.

It was a lucky thing for the captain that he did not rid himself of Balboa, for the vessel was wrecked on the coast of Darien. The captain and crew had never seen the country before, but Balboa had visited it, and he saved them all from starving to death by leading them through the forest to an Indian village where they were given food. The men were so pleased with Balboa that they made him their leader.

This gave Balboa a chance to act out his cruel nature. He led his men against other Indian villages and they robbed and killed the poor natives without mercy. The Indians were brave, but with their simple weapons they could do no harm to the Spaniards, who wore heavy armor and used firearms. It was sport for the white men to kill the natives, for they ran no risk of being hurt themselves.

While making one of his cruel raids, Balboa heard a curious story. An Indian told him that if he would travel six days to the west, he would reach the shore of another vast sea, and beyond that lay a country where gold was as plentiful as the stones around them. No starving man could be more eager for food than were the Spaniards for gold. They would suffer thirst and hunger and commit any crime to get it.

Balboa believed what he heard, and, gathering his men, told them that they would go to the place and find enough gold to make them all rich for the rest of their lives. They were as ardent as their leader, and all started in the month of September, 1513. The Indians had learned so much of the cruelty of the Spaniards that they tried to stop them, but the white men shot them down or cut them to pieces with their swords, while the weapons of the natives glanced off the armor without doing the invaders the least harm.

The weather was hot and the insects fierce, but the hope of finding gold kept the Spaniards tramping through the swamps and tangled forest, with the Indians vainly fighting them at almost every step. They kept several natives with them to show the way, for, without their help, the Spaniards would have soon been lost or forced to turn back.

At last the party reached the base of a mountain peak, where they halted. Pointing to the tops, the Indian guides said that whoever climbed thither would see the great ocean, which the white men had come to find. "Wait here," said Balboa, "and I will climb it alone."

His companions were glad to do so, for they were tired out. They sat down and watched their leader, as he clambered up the rocky slope, like a boy to whom work of that kind was a pleasure. When he reached the top, they saw him stand still, and, shading his eye with one hand, gaze to the westward. A minute later, he fell on his knees and gave thanks to God for what his eyes beheld. Then

leaping up, he turned toward his friends and beckoned them to join him.

They made all haste up the mountain side and soon stood near him, looking out on the Pacific Ocean, the grandest division of water on the globe. It was a sight to stir any heart, though its immense surface was not dotted by ship or sail, nor any sign of life. No wonder that all the party thanked God for the great discovery.

Balboa did not forget that he was a Spaniard. He took possession of the country for his king, whose name they carved on the trees near them and then they hurried down the other side of the mountain to the ocean which was quite a way off.

And what do you think was the next thing done by these men? By order of Balboa, they killed all the natives whom they met, unless the poor people paid gold to have their lives spared. That is the way nearly all the Spaniards acted toward the Indians, and, sad to say, many other white people were nearly as bad.

Balboa sent a number of his men ahead to find the best route to the ocean side. One of them was Pizarro, who afterward conquered Peru. They reached the Pacific and saw two Indian canoes drawn up on the beach. The tide was rising, and by and by it lifted the canoes from the ground. A Spaniard stepped into one and a second Spaniard into the other. Both pushed from shore at the same time, and called to their friends to bear witness that they were the first white men to float on the bosom of the South Sea. That was what the vast body of water was called, and even now you hear the name used. The name of Pacific Ocean



BALBOA TAKING POSSESSION OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

was given to it afterward by Magellan, who commanded the first ship that sailed from the Atlantic into its waters.

Balboa soon came along with the rest of the company. He waded out until the water almost reached his waist and then waved his sword about

his head and declared that the South Sea and all that related to it was the possession of his king and he was ready to fight to prove it. Then I suppose he felt like killing some more of the poor Indians. Five years afterward, the Spanish governor of Darien became jealous of Balboa and found an excuse for putting him to death.

V.

A WISE AND GOOD SETTLER, WILLIAM PENN.

Now I cannot pretend to give you in these pages a history of our country. You will find that in other books. You will learn from them all about the Spanish who settled in the south, the French who settled in the north, and the English who made their homes between those sections. The Dutch settled in New York and the upper part of New Jersey, while a few Swedes and Finns put up their cabins in Delaware, but most of the colonies which afterward became the United States, were settled by the English.

Our forefathers who came across the Atlantic to live in the wild regions on this side of the ocean, had to go through a great deal of suffering and danger. Many of them died and a great many more were killed by the Indians Very often the white people had nobody but themselves to blame because the red men treated them so cruelly. They cheated the Indians, told them falsehoods, shot them down without cause and acted as if they thought the natives had no right to be in this country.

Now the Indians were here long before any white men came. They claimed that the country belonged to them and the visitors should not intrude without their consent. They would have given that consent had the strangers treated them right and paid them a small price for their hunting grounds. There was plenty of room for all and had the white men acted justly, there would have been little if any trouble.

It is easy to prove the truth of what I have just told you. Thirty-seven years after the first English settlement in Virginia, and twenty-four years after the Pilgrims landed in New England, a boy was born in the city of London. His father was an admiral, a high officer in the English navy, and one of the bravest fighters of his time. The grim old hero was fond of his little boy and when he was old enough had him placed in school. The name of the boy was William Penn, and his father meant that he should grow up with all the polish that wealth and a fine education could give him.

But when the boy was in school, something took place which admiral Penn had not believed possible. The son heard a Quaker preacher and could not forget what he said. His words rang in his ears and he dreamed of them at night. He taught that the worst thing any one can do is to give himself up to the pleasures of the world and to live a life in which he thinks only of himself. None of us can live very long and how much better and

wiser it is to spend the years in trying to do good. Thus we shall please God and He will reward us in the life which has no end.

A good many boys and girls, and older people too, forget this solemn truth. They think that after they have had all the pleasures that the world can give, they will turn to God and He will be ready to accept them. But the time to do your duty and to act right is *now*. Here are a few lines which I hope you will commit to memory and act upon the good advice contained in them:

"I shall pass through this world but once; Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, Or any kindness that I can show To any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, For I shall not pass this way again."

The boy, William Penn, made up his mind that the noblest life he could lead was to try to do just as his conscience directed.

He was a bright lad and learned so rapidly that while he was still a boy he was sent to college. He had not been there long when he heard a Quaker preacher. It seemed to William that the preacher had been sent by God to him. He believed everything said by the good man, and became a Quaker, as did several other students.

Young men are sometimes rash in the ardor of their new life and do things that are wrong. Penn and his friends refused to worship like the members of the Established Church of England. He and his friends refused to wear the surplice which all students in the college were ordered to wear to show that they belonged to this church. Perhaps they were right in that, too, but they certainly did wrong when they attacked a number of other students in the streets and tore off their surplices. One of the first truths that all should learn is that every person has the right to worship God as he believes right. Penn was expelled from college for his offense.

When he went home, he told his father the truth. The Admiral was so angry that he turned him out of his house, declaring that he would not own a son who had made so great a fool of himself. Young Penn took his punishment meekly, but after a time his father felt sorry and let him come back.

But Admiral Penn hated the Quakers. He believed in fighting, while they taught that it was a grievous sin to fight. They would not take off their hats in the presence of the greatest people in the land, nor say, "sir," nor "Mr.," nor take an oath in court. All this was the opposite of what the Admiral believed, and it was a great affliction to him to see his only son become a meek and humble Quaker.

But the Admiral knew his boy too well to try to argue him out of his belief or to think he could

change his views by force. He fixed upon what he thought was a wiser plan. He gave him plenty of money and sent him to France, hoping that among the gay people there he would forget all that the Quaker preacher had told him. But the son did not do so. He learned politeness and took what little good he found, but had little to do with that which was bad. He was sure that the soul is worth



A QUAKER YOUNG LADY.

a million times more than the body.

When twenty years old, William was called home by his father and began the study of law. Soon afterward, the great plague broke out in London. Thousands of people died until it seemed as if no-body would be spared.

The awful sights made the young man more religious than before. He resolved that nothing should turn him aside from a life which was devoted to the good of his fellowmen, and he kept the noble resolution to the end of his days.

The Quakers were much persecuted in London. They were hooted at, and when some of them tried to hold a meeting, were arrested. Among them was Penn, who was told that he must give bonds to save himself from going to prison. He refused and to prison he went. When it became known, however, that he was the son of the great admiral Penn, of whom the king was very fond, he was set free.

Admiral Penn now told his son that he would say nothing against his religion, but would let him do as he chose, if he would take off his hat to the king and to the Duke of York, who was brother to the king. Before making answer; young Penn spent most of a night in prayer. He wished to please his father, whom he deeply loved, but he had to tell him in the morning that, much as he would like to do as he asked, his conscience would not permit.

Then the Admiral lost all patience and drove him from his home. When his anger had cooled somewhat, the gentle mother pleaded with him, and at last he agreed that the son might come back in the house, but he would not speak to or even meet him. When anything passed between the father and son it was through the mother.

William Penn proved his earnestness by printing a number of papers, some of which were so plain that they gave great offence, and he was imprisoned for nearly a year in the Tower of London. The Duke of York caused his release.

A pleasant incident followed. William went to Ireland on business for his father, and when he came back the two became the warmest of friends. The Admiral could not shut his eyes to the worth and goodness of his son, and said nothing that could hurt his feelings in any way. A few years later the Admiral died.

As I have said, Admiral Penn was a wealthy man. He left to his son an income of about eight thousand dollars a year, and in addition, a claim against the government that was ten times that amount. The government had owed it for a long time and was too poor to pay it. Penn was quite willing to wait.

About this time, a dispute arose between two Quakers, named Fenwick and Byllinge, who claimed large tracts of land in New Jersey, that had been settled by people of their faith. It is against the principles of the Friends or Quakers to go to law when a difference of that nature arises. They have a very sensible custom of leaving the dispute to some wise man, first promising that they will agree to whatever he says is right. This practice is becoming common among nations and is known as "arbitration." When all nations settle their quarrels in that way, it will prevent any more wars.

Fenwick and Byllinge knew that Penn would decide the dispute between them as he believed

was right, and they asked him to do so. When Penn had learned all the facts, he decided in favor of Byllinge and that was the end of the matter.

By and by, Byllinge found himself too poor to improve his land and houses, and turned them over to Penn and two creditors as trustees. This directed the attention of Penn to America, and he soon became interested in the new country. He knew how much his people were persecuted in England; he was aware, too, that the king had immense tracts of land in America, which he was willing to sell for a small price, and finally the king owed him a large amount of money, which he would have been glad to pay, if he knew of any way to do so.

VI.

A WISE AND GOOD SETTLER—WM. PENN, Continued.

Charles II. was king of England and when Penn went to him with the proposal that the debt due his father should be paid by a grant of land in America, the king was pleased. Like the Duke of York, he was fond of the good Quaker and even ventured to joke with him about what he meant to do in the wilds of America. He warned Penn that the Indians were not Quakers and believed in war and might perhaps try to use their tomahawks on the Friends, who of course would stand still and let the red men have their own way. Penn took all these jests good-naturedly and said he hoped his people would be able to get on without doing violence to their principles.

King Charles gave to Penn a tract of land containing 40,000 square miles, which now forms the great State of Pennsylvania. This grant was signed March 4, 1681. Penn had already given the name of "New Wales," to the province, but afterward changed it to "Sylvania," meaning "woods." To his surprise, however, the king told him that neither would do. He had made up his mind that the new country should be called "Pennsyl-

vania," in honor of the brave old Admiral, William's father.

Penn was disturbed, for he knew that his friends would think he had given the name for himself and he would thus appear vain. He begged the king to let it stand "Sylvania," but Charles was a merry fellow and laughed at the Quaker, standing before him, with his broad-brimmed hat on his head and his round honest face the picture of distress.

"No," said the sovereign; "it shall be Pennsylvania and you can explain that it is not in *your* honor, but for the sake of your father."

When the secretary was making out the grant, Penn slyly offered him a liberal sum of money if he would leave off the first syllable "Penn," but the secretary did not dare offend his royal master and refused. That is the way one of the principal States in the Union received its name. The following year, Penn and eleven other Quakers became the joint owners of New Jersey which was fast becoming settled.

Penn was now the owner of an immense grant and since no one could dispute his rights, he lost no time in carrying out his views. He advertised that he meant to form a just government to which all were welcome. The great principle on which it was based was perfect freedom of conscience. In New England, everybody had to attend certain religious service, but Penn not only allowed persons to go where they chose, but said they need not attend any church, if they so preferred.

Penn offered land in the new province at forty shillings for each hundred acres. The confidence in him was so great that thousands of the best people prepared to make their homes in Pennsylvania. Three vessels sailed in 1681, one of which was frozen up in the Delaware at Chester. The emigrants made their way to shore over the ice and dug caves in the bank where they lived until spring.

Penn was so interested in the new country that he sailed in the ship Welcome, with a hundred other Friends, in September, 1682. They had a very serious voyage. Small pox broke out among the passengers and thirty of them died. The weather was stormy and nearly two months passed before they entered the mouth of the Delaware. When they landed at Newcastle, the Dutch and Swedes gave them a warm welcome. On the next day, Penn called them together in the old Dutch court-house and showed them his grant from the king. The province of Delaware belonged to the Duke of York, but he thought so much of Penn that he added it to the grant of Pennsylvania. The Duke's agent was present at this meeting at Newcastle and turned over the province to Penn.

Penn then made a speech to the people, which was so kind and wise that it won their good will. They asked that he and they might become a part of Pennsylvania and he said he would think it over. Then bidding them good-bye, he went aboard of the Welcome again and sailed up the Delaware to the Swedish town of Upland, which is now Chester. There he met a number of settlers and his own cousin, whom he had sent over the year before to take charge of matters.

Penn spent several weeks in dividing the land, taking great pains to be just to every one. He reserved eight thousand acres around Pennsbury for himself, his three infant children each receiving a share. He set aside two estates of ten thousand acres each for his friend the Duke of York, and presented a thousand acres to the Quaker preacher, George Fox. The rest of the land was sold at four pence an acre, subject to a quit rent of one shilling yearly for each hundred acres. This was to provide the government with needed funds.

Penn now paid a visit to his neighbors, New Jersey and Maryland. Lord Baltimore was ruler of Maryland and insisted that Penn was intruding upon his province and that the boundary which he had marked out was unjust to Maryland. Penn could not agree with him, and after a time the dispute was referred to London, where the decision was made in Penn's favor.

Perhaps you think that nothing remained for the good man to do, but he took a most important step, which, had it been imitated by the other colonies, would have saved thousands of lives and money beyond estimate. A portion of the city of Philadelphia is called Kensington, but it Penn's time it was Shack-a-max-on. An immense elm grew there on the banks of the Delaware. The spot had been used by the Indians for many years as a meeting place for their leaders. The old tree has long since decayed, but a monument marks where it stood.

The Indians who lived in that section were the Delawares and they were a powerful and numerous tribe. Penn asked their leading warriors to meet him under the elm that they might talk together. The meeting took place, October 14, 1682, which was Penn's birthday, he then being thirty-eight years old.

When the red men were grouped around the kind Quaker, he said:

"We meet on the broad pathway of good faith and good will. No advantage shall be taken by either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. I will not compare the friendship between you and me to a chain, for that might be rusted by the rain; or a falling tree might break it. But let us feel that we are the same as if one man's body were to live in two separate parts, for we are one in mankind; we are all one flesh and one blood."

When Penn was talking, an Indian who understood English, repeated the words to the warriors in their native tongue. They all listened gravely and their chief Taminent rose to his feet to make reply. He was as friendly in his words as was Penn, and the surrounding warriors nodded their heads as if to say that they felt the same. None of the red men smiled, for those people rarely do that.

Penn now paid the Indians the price he had promised for their lands. They were satisfied and pleased, for as the Indians say, he spoke with "a single tongue," which is a another way of saying that he spoke the truth. Not only that, but Penn and his friends moved in and out among the Indians and made each one a present. It is true that all he gave, when taken together, was not worth a great deal, but since it delighted the Indians and won their friendship, it proves that it would have been quite easy for the other colonies to do the same.

The treaty between Penn and the Delaware Indians was written on parchment and its meaning

explained to them. Then Taminent and the leaders signed their names, not by writing them as we do, but by placing a mark, meant to look like some wild animal and which stood for their names. Not until long after all those Quakers and Indians were dead was that treaty broken.

Penn now laid out the city of Philadelphia, where the Schuylkill and Delaware rivers came together. The Indian name of the place was Wicocoa, but he changed the name to Philadelphia, which means "The City of Brotherly Love." It was laid out in squares and fine avenues, many of which still bear the names given to them more than two hundred years ago.

Philadelphia throve from the first. In two years it had six hundred houses. Schools, chapels, and in time a printing office sprang up. Seven thousand immigrants arrived in one year and for a long while it was the leading city in the country. At the close of the Revolution it was larger than either Boston or New York and, as you may know, was the national capital for a number of years.

Two years after founding the city, Penn went back to England, where business affairs kept him until 1699. In that year, however, he made a second visit to his beloved province. It had so grown and improved that he hardly knew it. He took a walk through Chestnut, Arch, and other

streets and found himself in a city of nearly seven thousand houses, while the province contained twenty thousand inhabitants.

Penn was sorry to see that during his fifteen years' absence, the province had "grown away" from him. The leaders to longer looked to him for advice and in fact cared little for his views. They felt able to take care of themselves without his help and were trying to do so. Very few men who devote their lives to the good of others receive the thanks that are due them, but the approval of one's conscience is worth far more than the praise of the world.

Delaware was known as the "Three Lower Counties on the Delaware." It will be remembered that when Penn first visited this country, they begged him to join them to the government of Pennsylvania and he did as they wished. They now demanded that they should be set off and left to themselves, and he did so. He signed a new constitution for the province and returned to England in 1701.

He had been home but a short time, when the king died. His successor, Queen Anne, showed the same liking for Penn that was shown by her father, but everything seemed to go wrong. The steward to whom he had entrusted his estates in England robbed him of all his wealth and left him so heavily in debt that Penn was thrown into prison,

where he remained for a number of months. He began bargaining with the government for the sale of Pennsylvania; but, before the business could be closed, the good old man received a severe stroke



WM. PENN.

of paralysis, which left him helpless. This stopped proceedings, though he did not die until 1718. The work which he did in America proved that he was the wisest man that had anything to do with its settlement; and as has already been

said, if his example had been followed by others, an untold number of lives and many thousands of dollars would have been saved to our forefathers.

PENNSYLVANIA. PHILIP FRENEAU.

Spread with stupendous hills, far from the main, Fair Pennsylvania holds her golden reign; In fertile fields her wheaten harvest grows, . Charged with its freight her favorite Delaware flows; From Erie's lake her soil with plenty teems, To where the Schuylkill rolls his limpid streams.

She, famed for science, arts, and polished men, Admires her Franklin, but adores her Penn, Who, wandering here, made barren forests bloom. And the new soil a happier robe assume.

He planned no schemes that virtue disapproves, He robbed no Indian of his native groves, But, just to all, beheld his tribes increase, Did what he could to bind the world in peace, And, far retreating from a selfish band, Bade Freedom flourish in this glorious land.

VII.

ANOTHER WISE AND GOOD SETTLER, GENERAL OGLETHORPE.

I have told you about a wise and good settler who was a man of peace and now I will tell you of the same sort of settler who was a man of war. Thus you will learn that there was no excuse for the cruelty of those who came to this country during its early days.

James Edward Oglethorpe belonged to one of the most honorable families in England. He went to the famous University of Oxford, when he was only sixteen years old and five years later was an ensign in the army. He took part in many wars and proved that he was not only one of the bravest of soldiers but that he had great military skill. When peace came in 1718, he left the army and became a member of parliament, which is the body of men that makes the laws for England.

You have not forgotten what was said about the dreadful sufferings which many poor people underwent in that country because they fell in debt. They were put in prison, loaded with chains and had hardly enough wretched food to keep them alive. Thousands thus died, while their wives and

children became beggars. You can form no idea of the horrors of prison life in those days.

A good many kind people in England were so shocked that they resolved to do something to check the frightful state of things. Oglethorpe was one of those persons who are called philanthropists, and he brought about some reforms, but not enough to end the evil. While he was trying to do so, a rich man died and left all his money to be used in paying the debts of people in prison, thus giving them their liberty. This was kind, but since the same persons were likely to fall in debt again and since a score of fortunes would not have been enough to set free all who were dragging out their lives in jail, Oglethorpe proposed to the persons who had charge of the money that they should spend it in sending worthy debtors to America, where they could settle and earn their living without fear of imprisonment.

"That is the best plan that can be thought of," everybody said.

Parliament voted a large sum to be added to the funds, the Bank of England gave more and a number of rich citizens did the same. Oglethorpe soon found that he had all the money he needed, and he made ready to carry out his plan, which was to send the happy debtors to the southern part of the Carolinas. The government agreed to make

this a separate province, which was to be called Georgia, in honor of George II, who was then king England. The king presented the company with seventy-four cannon, ammunition and material with which to build forts.

The government was to be in the hands of twenty-one noblemen, Oglethorpe being one of them, for twenty-one years. The emigrants were one hundred and twenty in number, composing thirty-five families. Oglethorpe picked them out with great care, for none knew better than he that idle and vicious men would ruin the project. Taking them in charge, he sailed in the *Anne* in November, 1732, and after a stormy voyage, reached Charleston nearly two months later.

The South Carolinans gave them a hearty welcome. A large number of cattle and supplies were presented to the immigrants and the South Carolinans escorted them to Port Royal. Landing at Beaufort, Oglethorpe and some friends went up the river to find the best place to make their settlement. They fixed upon the spot where Savannah now stands.

He laid out the streets with great care, and many of the names which he gave to them still remain. Some days later, he took the immigrants to the site. They were delighted and set to work with right good will to build themselves homes and to till the land. It was fifty years since William Penn founded Pennsylvania, but Oglethorpe had not forgotten his good example. Before clearing the land, he sought out Tomo-chichi, the Indian chief who claimed the ground, paid him a liberal price, gave him a number of presents and won his lasting friendship. treaty thus made allowed the English rule over the lands of the Creeks as far south as the St. John's. Before long, a treaty was signed with the powerful tribe of Natchez Indians, all of whom felt a great love for the white man who also spoke with "a single tongue," and showed no wish to treat them with injustice. South Carolina sent seeds and supplies to the young province and Oglethorpe replied with many thanks for the timely help. prospects could not have been more bright. Before long, more immigrants arrived and the town of Augusta was laid out. Seeing that all was going well, Oglethorpe made a visit to England, taking with him his old friend Tomo-chichi, his wife and son and another warrior. When they arrived there, the Indians were dressed in their finest clothes and taken to see the king and queen. Standing up in front of the sovereign, Tomo-chichi said:

"This day I see the majesty of your face and the number of your people. I am come for the good of the whole nation called Creeks, to renew the peace which was made long ago with the English. I am come over in my old days, though I cannot live to see any advantage to myself; I am come for the good of all the nations of the upper and lower Creeks, that they may be instructed in the knowledge of the English. These are the feathers of the eagle, which is the swiftest of birds and which flieth all round our nations. These feathers are a sign of peace in our land, and have been carried from town to town there. We have brought them over to leave with you, O, great king, as a sign of everlasting peace. O, great king, whatsoever words you shall say unto me I will tell them faithfully to all the kings of the Creek nation."

The king listened attentively and said in reply:

"I am glad of the opportunity of assuring you of my regard for the people from whom you come. I am well pleased with what you have brought as their words and I accept this present as a token of their good will to me and my people. I shall be always ready to do what I can to keep that good will and to show you my esteem."

The Indians remained several months in England and when they went home took with them presents to the value of several thousands of dollars. If they had stayed much longer it is to be feared that they would have been killed with kindness.

Among the immigrants who came to Georgia were a company of Salzburgers, so called because

their native land was Salzburg at the foot of the Alps. They had been driven away by cruel persecution. Oglethorpe placed himself at their head and noting that they were different from his people in their tastes and habits, he thought it best to place them in a colony by themselves. He gave them horses, and, after a long ride through the swamps and forests, led by Indian guides, showed them a place with which they were delighted. They named the little stream Ebenezer, as they did the town which they began building on its banks. They did this to show their gratitude to God, who, after so many wanderings on their part had given them secure rest.

Oglethorpe when in England was working all the time for the good of the settlers in Georgia. It was natural that he should make some errors, but his motives were pure and the respect for him was so great that more immigrants came to the province while parliament made other grants of money. It may be said that too many favors were shown the province, just as a parent can be too kind to its child. It would have been better had the settlers been forced to rely more upon themselves.

One fact, however, Oglethorpe, as a military man could not forget; his neighbors on the south were Spaniards and he knew he would have trouble with them. They claimed the territory where he had

settled and would fight for it, while on his part, he made ready to fight to keep it. Among the new arrivals were one hundred and fifty Scotchmen, who were given land on the Altamaha, which England declared to be the right boundary between her territory and that of Spain. The town built there was called New Inverness and the fort was named Darien. These people were soon joined by other Scotchmen. When Oglethorpe visited them he wore the Highland dress and all cheered him.

In the latter part of 1736, Oglethorpe received warning from the Spanish govenor of St. Augustine that unless he and his immigrants gave up Georgia and left, "bag and baggage," they would be driven out. The doughty Englishman was not the man to be frightened by a threat like that, but he could not shut his eyes to his danger. Forts had been built at Augusta, Darien and Frederica, but there were no trained soldiers and no men from which to make them. Oglethorpe sailed for England and urged the king's ministers to vigorous action. Little was done, except to make Oglethorpe a brigadiergeneral and give him command over South Carolina as well as Georgia. He returned in 1738, with a regiment of six hundred soldiers which he had raised and trained himself.

He found matters going so badly in the province that many of the settlers had moved into South Carolina where there was no dispute over slavery and the selling of rum. The holding of slaves and the selling of rum were forbidden in Georgia, but many did not observe these good laws. The Creeks and Chickasaws were as much attached to Oglethorpe as ever and declared themselves ready to fight with him to drive out the Spaniards. He learned from them that those people had tried to corrupt the Creeks while he was in England. Not only that, but the Spaniards now tried to do the same with his English soldiers. They succeeded to that extent that a number banded together and tried to take the life of Oglethorpe. He caught the leaders, tried them by court-martial, hanged them and thus restored discipline.

In 1739, Oglethorpe learned that war had been declared between England and Spain. Claiming the St. John's as the southern boundary of the province, he sent a message to South Carolina asking her to join him in an attack on St. Augustine. Without waiting for the reply, he entered Florida at the beginning of 1740, with four hundred soldiers and a large force of Indians. He dressed like a common soldier and shared all the hardships with his men.

He found St. Augustine had been made so strong that it could not be taken by a direct attack. So he tried to blockade it, but the result was a failure. The heat became so intense that most of the South Carolina troops were seized with sickness.

Admiral Vernon remained with his powerful English fleet in American waters for two years, during which the Spaniards keep quiet. When he left, however, they made ready to crush Oglethorpe.

In May, 1742, two thousand Spanish troops arrived at St. Augustine from Havana. And about the same time the Spanish captain-general of Florida appeared off St. Simon's Island, with a fleet of thirty-two vessels and a force of nearly five thousand men. All that Oglethorpe could muster was eight hundred, composed of Highlanders, Indians,

and servants. He, therefore, spiked the guns at St. Simon's and fell back to Frederica.

This was a very strong position, with a densé swamp on one side and a forest of oak on the other. The Spaniards landed a large body of soldiers and advanced to the assault, but were twice driven back with great

slaughter. So many, indeed, were killed that the spot is known to this day as the Bloody Marsh.

Oglethorpe then, despite his small force, decided to attack them.

This would have been the height of rashness had he not learned that a bitter enmity existed between the troops from Havana and those from St. Augustine. They would not stay in the same camp, but seemed as jealous of each other as so many angry children. Oglethorpe, therefore, believed that by a sudden assault upon the separate encampments he could capture both.

He could not hope for success, except by the greatest secrecy on his part, for if the Spanish learned of the movement, they would overwhelm him.

He began the march in the darkness of night, his men moving like shadows through the woods until they were within a short distance of the first encampment. Then they halted, to wait for daybreak.

Everything promised a brilliant success and the soldiers were impatient for the dawn that they might rush upon the hated Spaniards, and the brave Oglethorpe was as impatient as they to lead the assault.

All was as quiet as a grave, when, without warning, one of the men discharged his gun, and dashing off in the darkness toward the Spanish camp was out of sight before any one could stop him.

The meaning was plain: he was a Spanish spy that had taken this means of warning his countrymen of their danger. Not only that, but he would let his people know how weak the English force was, and the Spanish commander would lose no time in capturing or destroying it.

Oglethorpe saw that the only way to save himself was by instantly retreating, and he did so, thankful that he was able to reach Frederica before being cut off. But while making this retreat, he thought out a very clever piece of strategy by which he hoped to recover his advantage and secure the punishment of the traitor that had brought all his plans to naught.

Sitting down, he wrote a long letter and addressed it to the deserter by name. The words which he wrote made it seem that the fellow was in truth an English spy, whom he had sent into the Spanish camp to pick up what information he could. He ordered him to tell the Spaniards that Frederica was so weak that if it was attacked at once it must be captured. If the enemy could not be persuaded to make the attack, then the spy must do his utmost to hold them where they were for three days longer, for during that time, two thousand more troops would join the English, together with six ships of war. Hints were also thrown out that Admiral Vernon was preparing to attack St. Augustine.

Now, nothing was more certain than that the stories which Oglethorpe instructed the deserter to tell about the weakness of the English force, were the very ones that he had already told to the Spanish commander. The object of Oglethorpe was to prevent the Spanish general believing them.

The great difficulty of getting the letter into the enemy's camp in the right way remained. Oglethorpe sealed and handed it to a Spanish prisoner, promising him a large sum of money, if he would deliver it privately to the deserter. The prisoner took the gold which Oglethorpe placed in his hand and promised to do exactly as he was told.

Entering the Spanish camp, he was stopped as Oglethorpe knew he would be, and taken before the general, who ordered him searched, since he was a stranger. The letter was found on him, just as Oglethorpe had planned it should be. The deserter who had told all about the weakness of the English troops was now brought before the Spanish general and sternly question. The answers of the man were truthful, but, because of that, he was looked upon with suspicion.

Now the Spanish leader would not have been very bright, if he had set down the deserter as a fraud, because of the letter written by Oglethorpe. While he was in doubt, the commander did not forget that the whole thing might be a cunning

trick, which in fact it was. More light was needed before he decided what to do. To make sure, however, he had the deserter put in irons and then set out to learn the truth.

And it was now that a remarkable thing took place. Three ships from Charleston appeared off the coast. The Spanish general was sure thev belonged to Admiral Vernon's fleet and that he must hurry back to St. Augustine, if he would save it from capture. The deserter was put to death, as he deserved to be, and a panic spread through the Spanish troops. They set fire to the fort, and hurried on board their ships, leaving behind them a large amount of artillery and stores. By this little piece of strategy, South Carolina and Georgia were saved from capture by the Spaniards. The great preacher, Whitefield, declared that there was nothing recorded in Holy Writ about the saving of a people from ruin that was more marvelous than this incident. The Spaniards never again tried to invade Georgia.

Oglethorpe was looked upon as a great general, as indeed he was, for no man could have done better or as well as he. He was a good and great man. He never went back to Georgia, but always felt a deep interest in the colony. He did not own a house nor an acre of land in it, but no father was fonder of a son than he was of

its people, and he did all he could to help them.

Some forty years after his return to England, the Revolution broke out and the thirteen colonies began their long struggle for independence. In trying to find the most skillful general to conquer



agreed that Oglethorpe was the best of all, but as you may know, he was never given the command of the British armies. What do you suppose was the reason? They said he would not be harsh enough with the rebels. What finer compliment could the grand old man have had than that?

the Americans, the king and his leading men

GENERAL OGLETHORPE. I have something more to tell you about him. If a person spends his life in doing good, he must have a sweet and loving disposition, and as he grows old, his face takes on a beauty which makes him look very different from the cold, selfish man who has lived for himself alone. It was said of Oglethorpe that

in his old age he was the handsomest man in all England. People often stopped on the streets of London to admire him. But he was modest and cared nothing for that, for there was no pleasure to him like that which came from knowing that he had done what he could to make other people happy.

And then, too, this sunshiny old man lived for nearly a hundred years. He saw the American colonies free and he rejoiced at it. There were many others like him in England who knew the Americans were right and were pleased because they gained their independence. When the time came for our government to send a minister to England, he was treated coldly by the leading men, but the first one to take him by the hand was General Oglethorpe, who inquired about his many friends in America and said so that all standing around could hear him, that he was glad the American colonies had gained their freedom.

VIII.

AN UNWISE AND WICKED RULER, GOVERNOR BERKELEY.

I have told you about two good and wise settlers or rulers of the colonies, and now we shall learn something about another sort of man. The ruler I have in mind had to do with the first colony that was settled by the English. Do you know its name? It was Virginia, and was settled at Jamestown, in 1607.

You will find from a study of your history that Jamestown and the settlements which grew up around it had a trying time. Once, most of the settlers died from disease, and again it looked as if the Indians would kill them all, but they held fast and in time the province became so prosperous and strong that Massachusetts was the only other one that could compare with it.

Virginia had prospered so well that in 1670, she had a population of forty thousand, of whom only two thousand were slaves. She raised vast quantities of tobacco for which there had grown so great a demand in England that the colony was making money rapidly. Nearly every one gave his attention to raising tobacco. It was planted even on the

streets of Jamestown and took so much attention that the rulers had to pass a law limiting the amount to be raised by each person.

The govenor of Virginia at this time was Sir William Berkeley. He had been appointed nearly thirty years before, but was out of office for some time until 1660, when the king made him governor again. Berkeley had every reason to feel proud and grateful because of the condition of Virginia, for her militia numbered eight thousand and she had two forts on the James and one each on the Rappahannock, the York and the Potomac.

The United States has the grandest public schools in the world, and the blessings of the system is admitted by all, while if we were deprived of the printing press we would sink into barbarism, but the following words were used by Sir William Berkeley in 1670:

"I thank God there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these for hundreds of years; for learning has brought disobedience into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels the best governments. God keep us from both!"

I do not need to tell you that a governor who could talk and think that way was sure to prove a very bad ruler. Few people liked him except those who were as bad as he, and who thought they would

help themselves by working with him. In 1675, the Indians became so hostile that the lieutenantgovernor made ready to march against them with



ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

a force of five hundred men. Just as he was about to start, word came from Governor Berkeley ordering the soldiers to go to their homes. They were so angry that at first they thought of disobeying, for they knew sad results would follow, but finally they separated and did as commanded.

It was not long after this that some people on their way to church came upon the dead body of a friendly Indian and a white man who was dying. He told his friends that he had been shot by some Doeg Indians. In a short time, thirty white men were hurrying along the trail of the savages. Twenty miles away it crossed a river and divided. The pursuers separated into two parties and kept up the chase. One of the parties overtook some Doeg warriors and attacked them so fiercely that nearly a dozen were killed. Among them were the Indians that had slain the white settler and the friendly warrior.

The other company of white men about the same time fired into an Indian wigwam, without stopping to learn whether the red men were friends or enemies. After fourteen had been killed it was found that they were friendly Susquehannocks. Having done this mischief, the white men went to their homes.

The Susquehannocks and several tribes were so furious over the outrage that they made preparations to attack the settlements. Virginia and Maryland sent a thousand men against them under Major Truman, of Maryland. They acted with so much bad faith toward the Susquehannocks that

the authorities of Maryland and Virginia were indignant. The sad result of all this was that hundreds of Indians belonging to different tribes began killing white people whenever they had an opportunity.

It is hard to understand the course of Governor Berkeley. He would do nothing to protect the settlements nor let any one else do anything. When the Susquehannocks sent word that they were tired of war, he paid no attention to them. His own people begged him again and again to take steps to save them and their families, but he was deaf to their prayers. He had been governor so long that he made up his mind to do just as he pleased and he was certain no one dared dispute him.

Nathaniel Bacon was a young planter who owned several plantations on the James River. He was bright and brave, and his neighbors liked him so well that they made him a member of The Council, which was the governing body of Virginia, and captain of a company of militia. Bacon was so angry with the governor because he did nothing for the defense of the settlers that he declared if another settler was killed, he would call out the militia himself. It was only a short time afterward that the Indians visited one of his p'antations and killed two of his servants. Bacon quickly gathered

several hundred men around him, all eager to help punish the Indians. He sent to Governor Berkeley for a commission, but the old ruler scorned to pay any attention to the request.



NATHANIEL BACON

Bacon now set out with his men, but had not gone far when a horseman overtook him with an order from the governor to disperse his force without delay. Bacon told his men and said that those who were frightened might go home. So many left that the young captain found he had less than sixty with him, but they were as full of pluck as he and they continued their march against the Indians.

Governor Berkeley was in a towering rage when he learned that Bacon and his friends had dared to disobey him. He gathered a number of horsemen and started on a gallop to compel the rebels to return. Before he could reach them, a messenger overtook the governor with the alarming news that the people in Jamestown has risen against him.

The governor was obliged to let Bacon go, while he wheeled about and rode hard to put out the "fire in his rear." When he reached Jamestown, he found the citizens were in earnest in asking for reform. The Council had lasted for years and seemed determined to last forever. They had piled taxes upon the people beyond what they could bear. They now told the governor that they were resolved to have a new election of members of the Council and a cutting down of their taxes. The governor had no choice but to yield and he granted both the demands.

While this was going on; Bacon struck so many hard blows against the Indians that they were glad to make peace. On his return, he was made one of the new members of The Council, for he was more popular than ever. That body elected him commander-in-chief of all the militia in Virginia, but the wrathful governor refused to sign his commission. The Council passed many good laws, all of which were agreed to at Jamestown, July 4, 1676,

which you will note was exactly one hundred years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Very soon the Indians began to make trouble again. They knew how backward the governor was in taking steps to punish them, and they began killing the settlers as before. Bacon having been made commander of eight thousand militia, insisted that the governor should sign his commission, but the stubborn old tyrant would not. Bacon rode into Jamestown at the head of his soldiers and demanded of the governor the right to save their friends from death. Berkeley turned purple with passion and striding in front of the soldiers pounded his chest with his fist and shouted:

"Shoot! shoot! kill me if you want to!"

"We have not the least thought of harming you," replied Bacon, "but it is high time something were done to save our people from massacre."

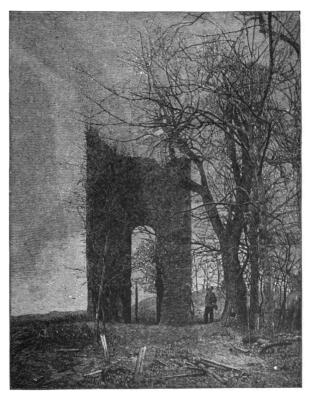
Still trembling with anger, the governor strode off, and crossing the Chesapeake began gathering all whom he could to his help. He called upon the slaves and told them they should have plenty of plunder in payment for their assistance.

Brave and impulsive as was Bacon, he saw how grave the danger was to Virginia. Near the spot where Williamsburg now stands he called his friends around him to talk over matters. The ablest and best men in the province were there, among them being the great-grandfather of George Washington. They pledged themselves to prevent Bacon from arrest, to do all they could to save the colony from civil war and to resist Berkeley until an appeal could be sent to the king of England.

It was agreed to accept the governor's flight from Jamestown as a giving up of his office and orders were sent out for the making of a new government, but at this time a piece of unexpected good fortune came to the governor. Five English ships and ten sloops arrived, and, taking on board Berkeley and the rabble he had gathered, they crossed over to Jamestown. Before he reached there, he saw Bacon coming with his soldiers to meet him. The governor ran back with his own men to the ships, having no wish to fight those that had already shown their courage.

Bacon and his friends returned to Jamestown. They knew that the governor would try to use the place for shelter, and to shut him out it was agreed to burn the town. In that group were the owners of the finest houses in the place. They were in earnest in calling for the burning of all the buildings and when it was agreed that it should be done, they ran off and set fire to their own homes, their wives helping them in the patriotic work.

And so it was that Jamestown, where the first English settlement in this country was made, was burned to ashes. It was a great pity and no one can think of it without sadness. If the old church



RUINS OF JAMESTOWN.

where Pocahontas was married and the cabins in which the settlers lived nearly three hundred years ago could have been saved, for you and me to look at, I am sure that they would have made one of the most interesting sights in the world. But it was not so to be and only a few ruins were left.

Waiting until the town was burned, Bacon and his men marched toward the Rappahannock to meet Berkeley's forces coming against him. When they came in sight of each other, most of Berkeley's men left him and joined Bacon, who thus became so strong that he could carry everything before him. He was making ready to do so, when he fell ill of a violent fever. Everything possible was done for him, but he grew worse and died on the 1st of October, 1676.

There was no one with the ability to take his place, and his forces broke up and scattered throughout the province. Help was sent to Berkeley who soon was able to stamp out what is known as Bacon's rebellion.

From what you have learned about this man you will not be surprised to be told that he had none of that nobility of nature which leads a successful general to show mercy to those whom he has conquered. He should have forgiven all that had risen against him, for it was his fault that they did so, but he took the most shocking revenge. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to punish those who had shown their dislike of him. He hanged twenty-two, three died in prison, while five whom he

intended to hang escaped from jail. He tried hard to find where Bacon was buried, but failed. Could he have found the body, he would have had it hung in chains as a means of disgracing the memory of the brave patriot.

Besides these executions, Berkeley threw people into prison, took away their property, making beggars of many who had been in good circumstances and was so cruel that at last his own friends told him he must stop. King Charles was angry when he learned of his doings, and sent over a new governor to take his place. Berkeley sailed for England and those whom he left behind kindled bonfires and fired salutes to express their joy over his departure.

Berkeley's sole wish now was to convince the king that he had done right, but the king would not see him and he died soon afterward crushed by shame and disgrace. He was a sad example of a bad ruler and helped to prove that it was a great mistake for the colonies to be governed by a country that was three thousand miles away and which knew and cared little for the good of those on this side of the Atlantic.

IX.

A YOUNG VIRGINIAN.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

All boys like play and it is right that they should. There is a time to play as well as a time to work. When you have learned your lessons, or done the chores at home which your parents give you to do, then you ought to have all the fun that a bright, strong, healthy lad can find. It does you good to ride on your bicycle, to skate, to play base ball or foot ball, or lawn tennis or golf, or any of the many games of which American lads are so fond.

How we like to watch a good player! It thrills us to see a youth make the high leap over the delicate cross-stick, without knocking it down, to come out ahead on the hurdles, to vault far above any of his fellows, to hurl the hammer or heavy weight further than any one else, to make a hit with his bat which brings in a run and perhaps wins the game, to "tackle" in foot ball with skill, or kick the big ball down the grounds, so that it passes between the two upright poles far away at the other end and wins a goal, and indeed we are delighted to look upon any of the many other feats of skill. And if the boy who does one of

these things is playing for "our side," how we cheer and shout and leap about with delight.

There is one trait which all such players should possess: they must "play fair," or in other words be honest. If "our side" can't win by fair means, we don't want it to win at all, and a boy who can win nearly every time by playing fair is just our idea of what a player should be.

A hundred and more years ago, some of the games of which you are so fond were not known. Of course there were no bicycles, and though they played a game of ball it was nothing like the game of to-day, but throwing, running, wrestling, leaping, and many tests of strength and skill have changed very little for a long, long time.

The finest young athlete in Virginia, and perhaps in all the colonies, was a boy named George Washington. Of course you have all heard of him, for he grew to be the greatest American that ever lived, and he has been honored so much that his name is one of the first that every school boy and girl hears. I am not going to tell you much about Washington after he became a man, for that is told in another place, but I wish to show what a fine boy he was and how wise all other boys will be who take him for a model.

He was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22, 1732, and when big enough was sent to one of the old fashioned schools, like those I have described further on in this book. He was a strong, rugged lad, and was ready to run a foot race with any other lad and could go like the wind; no one could beat him. Then if another boy wished to wrestle, George would lock arms with him, there would be a quick, fierce struggle and down the other fellow would go on his back, with young Washington on top.

When he grew to be a large boy, he would stand on the bank of the Potomac and with a skillful swing of his strong right arm, send a stone curving through the air and make it drop on the other side of the river. Not another boy could do it, and to-day there are few men who can make so long a throw. Many persons would not believe that Washington was able to throw so far, until he did it for them.

As for jumping, when he took a short run and made his best leap, the other boys shook their heads and said there was no use their trying against him. He was just as good at skating or riding on horseback. His folks were well to do and owned a young horse with a very ugly temper. No man was able to ride him, but George made up his mind that the vicious beast should obey him. He leaped upon his back without any saddle and with only a halter, and then the fight began. The horse was determined to humble the boy that had dared

to mount him, and he bounded about, dropped his head, stopped short when galloping fast, reared,



GEORGE WASHINGTON BREAKING A YOUNG HORSE.

plunged, "bucked," and in fact did everything he could to throw the lad from his back.

But the boy kept his place. He seemed to be tied fast. The horse grew wild with anger and struggled harder than ever. He meant to conquer that boy or die, while the boy was just as determined to conquer the ugly beast or kill him. It was a terrible battle between the two, but George won, for the horse dropped dead.

That shows the pluck of young Washington. He was a brave boy and he grew to be one of the bravest men that ever lived. But I must not forget to tell you a fine trait about him. He would not lie nor cheat in playing or in anything. Whatever he did, he tried to do right. All his playmates saw this and when a dispute arose and they could not agree, George was called on to decide how it should be. He would listen to their stories and then say what he thought was right and they never disputed him. I have sometimes wondered how he would have got on if he had lived in these days and was asked to act as umpire at a game of ball. You know what a hard task the umpire has, but there are some who are so bright and honest that the players accept their decisions without complaint. No doubt Washington would have been one of those umpires.

Among the meanest things that a boy or any one can do is to tell a lie. If we know that a person will lie we want nothing to do with him William

Penn was right when he said that there was no use in making a person of that kind take an oath, for if he was wicked enough to lie, he would be wicked enough to swear to it. No one scorned a lie more than Washington. This is so well known that it has been a common saying for many years that Washington could not tell a lie.

When I add that he was obedient to his parents and teachers, it seems to me that nothing remains to be added to prove that he was a model for all young Americans. He was a good student, though he never became a very learned man. He was careful in his habits and a gentleman at all times. Some of his copy books have been kept and they have not a blot in them. He wrote down a number of rules and strove hard to live up to them. It must have been a pleasure for any teacher to have so fine a pupil as young George Washington.

When he was a boy, his father died, but he had one of the noblest of mothers. She lived to see him become the savior of his country and the first President of the United States. How grateful she was and how proud of her boy!

In the early days, the colonies belonged to England and our forefathers followed the customs of that country. One of those customs was that the oldest son in each family should be "the gentleman." All the property went to him, and if the father had any title it was given to the eldest son when the father died. Lawrence was the eldest son in the Washington family and was sent to England to be educated. When he came back and saw what a fine, sturdy fellow George had become he was very proud of him. Lawrence was a captain in the English army and he urged George to become a midshipman in the navy. The lad was delighted with the plan and began making ready to go to sea.

When he was prepared to leave home, he went to kiss his mother, who was now an old lady, goodbye. He saw tears in her eyes and her face was very sad. He gently asked her the cause and then she told him that her heart was grieved at the thought of losing her boy. Instead of making light of her sorrow, that boy did the only thing that could bring back sunshine to the loved face. He threw his arms around her and said:

"If my mother feels that way, then I shall not go to sea, but will stay with her."

And then you may be sure she was happy. She had no more fear of losing her son, for he had given his promise and he would die before breaking it.

The lad liked to study surveying, and at the age of sixteen there was not a better surveyor in the province of Virginia. Lord Fairfax owned many thousand acres of wild mountain land which he

wished to have surveyed, and he hired young Washington to do it. It was the kind of work that the sturdy youth liked, and, leaping into the saddle, he rode his horse into the deep forests, where there were fierce wild animals. and spent weeks and months at the work. He swam the swift mountain torrents, and, when night came, built his fire against some huge rock, and, wrapping his blanket around him. lay down with his feet toward the blaze and slept the sleep of youth and health. Per-

haps he was awakened in

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

the night by the snow sifting through the branches overhead and striking his face, but he cared nothing for that and closing his eyes again, slept on.

Sometimes in wandering through the woods, he came to the log hut of a settler, where he was always welcome, but generally he slept in the woods, under the stars and with the wild animals prowling around



him. When hungry, he would shoot a wild turkey or deer or squirrel, and cook the meat by holding it on a stick over the coals, or by boiling it in a pot suspended from a tripod. The cold springs of mountain water gave

him the best drink in the world, and he grew strong and rugged during the three years thus spent. When at last his hard task was finished, he came back to Lord Fairfax, who was so pleased with the way he had done it, that he gave him a sum of money more than twice as great as what Washington expected.

The young man was now nineteen years old, and six feet two inches tall. His strength was like that of a giant. I remember hearing a very old man

say that he once saw Washington, when well along in years, become impatient with three men who were making a great ado about lifting a large stone. They could hardly move it, when Washington brushed them aside, and raising it easily from the ground carried it to where they wished it placed. He had been home but a short time, when the governor of Virginia made him a major of militia. Washington had some knowledge of military matters, but he now took lessons of an old swordsman, who made him one of the best fencers in the country and taught him much of military tactics.

You know the colonies which afterward became the United States belonged to England, while Washington was a boy, and after he became a young man. The two rival nations in America were England and France. Each was striving to gain all the country it could. The English had made their settlements along the Atlantic coast, while the French planted their colonies in Canada. But the French began pushing their way down the valley of the Mississippi. They built forts at varying distances all the way to the Gulf of Mexico and claimed the territory as their own. Their plan was to build up a great empire and they strove hard to do it.

But this did not suit the English, for having settled the eastern part of the country, they began pushing westward. They claimed that they owned all the land to the Pacific Ocean and to secure this land, they would have to cross that on which the French had built their forts, and from which they declared they would drive every Englishman who set foot in it. Trouble was certain to come very soon.

When Governor Din-wid'die, of Virginia, learned that the French had entered the Ohio Valley, built several forts and were building more, he was very angry. He felt that it was an outrage and resolved to force them away, but, before declaring war, he thought it proper to send them warning of what he meant to do, so that, if they could be made to see that they were doing wrong, they would have a chance to leave the country without causing any bloodshed.

The town of Williamsburg was the capital of Virginia. It is in the southeastern corner, while the fort where the French commander was so busy at work was in the northwestern corner of Pennsylvania, five hundred miles distant. So, to get word to him, the messenger would have to travel a thousand miles through a country filled with wild animals and Indians. Besides this, he would have to cross mountains and deep swift torrents, living on the game that he could shoot. Then, too, it was so late in the year, that he would be compelled to come back during the severe winter.

But the governor knew of a young man who would not pause in the face of any dangers. Accordingly he sent for Washington and told him what he wished him to do. The tall Virginian listened and when asked how soon he would be ready, replied:

"I am ready now, sir."

"I will write the letter and you can start to-morrow," said the governor, greatly pleased with the young officer.

Washington left Williamsburg on the 31st of October, 1753. He had four companions, besides a famous hunter named Christopher Gist. This man had tramped through a great deal of the country and was to act as the guide of the party.

All were mounted on good horses, and, if the weather could have remained as it was, they would have asked for no more pleasant trip. It was the Indian summer, when the nights were cool, but the days were balmy with sunshine. A soft, smoky haze hung over the woods and valleys and the trees were brilliant with the red and yellow and the bright hues which you have all seen in the autumn time. There was plenty of game, and, since all the men were good shots, they had no trouble in getting the food they needed. They were used to "roughing" it, and, after their meal of venison or wild turkey, lay down by the crackling fire and slept as sweetly

as Washington used to do when surveying the lands of Lord Fairfax.

Thus the days and nights passed until at the end of two weeks, they reached the mouth of Will's Creek, the last stream of any size which flows into the Potomac from the north. They did not stop long, but following a faint Indian trail, rode on to the northwest. They were in a country that had never been visited even by the old guide, Gist and they depended on the compass. They picked their way over mountains, swam streams, wound in and out of deep ravines and at the end of nine days more, came to where the two rivers join which make the Ohio and where to-day stands the city of Pittsburg. Washington noted its importance at a glance and told his comrades that a fort should be built there as soon as possible.

Here, too, they met a number of Delaware Indians, who said they were friends of the English. Their chief showed his good will by guiding them across the Allegheny River and twenty miles down the stream to the Indian village of Logtown. There the Delawares again told Washington that they were the friends of the English and would help them to drive the French out of the country. They added that some of the French had already been among them trying to win them to their side, but they could not do so. Washington hoped they

told him the truth, but he could not feel sure about it, for most Indians are untruthful.

Several of the Delawares joined the party, so that quite a company was now traveling through the woods toward the French post. The weather by this time had become cold and there were flurries of snow in the air. Ice was seen, too, on many of the streams and the Virginians knew they would have a hard time on their return.

Without any accident, the party at last reached Presque Isle (presk-eel), where they found the officer to whom Washington handed Governor Dinwiddie's letter. The Frenchman treated the Virginians politely and invited them to stay as long as they could with him, but he told Washington that he was there by order of his superior officer and he meant to stay. Not only that, but it was his duty to drive away every Englishman who entered the territory and he would surely do so.

Washington had done his duty, and, accepting the written reply of the French commander, he and his friends now turned about and began their long journey of five hundred miles homeward. Winter had fully come, and the hardships and suffering of the party were very great. The weather was cold, and snow sometimes fell all day and night, sifting through the dry branches and so filling the air that they could see only a few yards in front.

The greatest difficulty was in crossing the streams. All were covered with ice, but it was not thick enough to bear the men or their horses. Sometimes, they would step out for several yards, and



begin to hope they might reach the other side without trouble, when the crust would give way and down went the horses, who had hard work in struggling to the other bank. Many a time,

Washington and his companions sank to their arm pits, and their clothing froze while they were walking through the wintry woods, for the weather was so severe that they had to tramp mile after mile to keep their blood warm.

At the Venango, which was not far on their way, the pack horses broke down. They could carry their loads no further. Washington and Gist gave up their animals to take the place of the worn out ones. Then each strapped a bundle to his back and they started to finish the long journey on foot.

Few men could have stood what they did. Every stream they reached was half frozen, that is it bore them for only a part of the way. In the deepest portion it was sure to break and drop them into the frightfully cold water. Gist had spent years of that sort of life, but he now found himself tried to the utmost. There were times when he was sure he was freezing to death, and he saved himself only by violent exercise or by halting and starting a fire, beside which he thawed his clothing and warmed his benumbed body. Washington smiled at him, for he stood it quite well.

Reaching the Allegheny River, they found it filled from shore to shore with masses of ice sweeping past. There was but one way to reach the other side; by building a raft. It took them a long time to gather enough branches and dead limbs

that would bear their weight, but it was done at last and they pushed out among the grinding blocks of ice. They laid their bundles down near the middle of the float, while each forced the raft forward by means of a long pole.

Washington was leaning over and pressing with all his great strength against the bottom of the river, when a huge mass of ice swung against the pole and knocked it from his hand. Before he could check himself, he fell headlong into the river.

Had he not been a powerful swimmer, he would have drowned, but without any help from his companion, he reached the side of the raft and clambered upon it, drenched from head to foot. It was hard work to force the float forward, and the day was nearly done, when they succeeded in reaching a small island, where they stayed until morning. There were bits of wood around them, so that they might have started a blaze, but hostile Indians were on every hand, and, through fear of drawing them to the spot, they decided to go without a fire.

It must have been a dismal night, especially for Washington, for his clothing was frozen and the keen wintry wind whistled about them and moaned through the woods, while the ice ground together and tumbled along the shore for hours, before it finally became still. The cause of this was the intense cold. The ice had stopped running,

and, when it grew light, the two saw that the river was frozen from shore to shore. Stepping carefully on it, they found it would bear their weight, and so they reached the other bank.

They had not gone far when they met an Indian warrior, whom they urged to act as their guide. He seemed very willing—in fact, altogether too willing—for he asked Washington to allow him to carry his rifle, but the young Virginian shook his head. He preferred to keep the weapon in his own hands.

Just as night was closing in, the Indian suddenly raised his gun and fired at Washington. The bullet passed close, and seeing that he had missed, the warrior began hastily reloading, meaning to fire again. Before he could do so, Gist hurled him to the ground. The old hunter was so angry that he would have killed the scamp, had not Washington run forward and checked him. The Indian was allowed to go, and, having reason to fear that he would bring back some of his people and attack the two white men, they kept traveling all night. By morning they were so far on their journey, that they gave no more thought to the fellow.

Nothing more of importance happened to the brave men. Guided as before by the little compass which Washington carried, they steadily drew near home and finally reached Williamsburg without harm, about the middle of January. Washington handed the reply of the French commander to Governor Dinwiddie, who thanked the young man for the faithful manner in which he had done his first public duty for his country.

The reply of the French officer left no course but to make war against the French, and it soon began. It was the final struggle between France and England for mastery in the New World. Washington took a leading part in it, and, as you will find in studying your history, it ended in the complete victory of the English. The French were driven from the continent and the English became its masters.

Then followed the Revolution, which would not have succeeded but for Washington, who by his illustrious services well earned the name of the Father of his Country, and proved himself not only the purest of patriots, but one of the greatest men that ever lived.

X.

THE MARTYR PATRIOT.

Nathan Hale was born in Connecticut, in 1755. He grew up to be a handsome, talented boy, who was not only bright in his studies, but one of the finest athletes in all the country round. He was a swift runner, a fine leaper and excelled all his playmates in out-door sports. He was cheerful in his disposition, truthful and a favorite with all who knew him. He was very much like Washington, and it is no wonder that his friends were proud of him.

When Hale was a boy, he was so far along in his studies that he was sent to Yale College. There he was popular with the teachers and students, for he was manly and noble in all that he did. You know that Yale College, like other high schools of its kind, gives much attention to athletics. If they had had a champion foot ball team in those days, I am sure that Nathan Hale would have been among their star players. One day there was a jumping match on the New Haven green. The young men were skillful at that and several made much longer leaps than you or I can make to-day. When it came Hale's turn to try, he caused every

eye to open in astonishment, for as he sprang from the ground, he seemed to go sailing through the air like a bird. When he struck the earth, he was so far in advance of all the others, that they clapped their hands and shouted with delight. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before, and no one tried to show what he could do after Hale made that tremendous leap. His friends were so pleased that they marked the spot where he left the ground and where he came down. Then they put a fence around it so as to prevent the marks being rubbed out. That fence stood for many years. When some student began to boast of what he could do in the way of jumping, the others would take him to the spot and point out what Nathan Hale did when he was a student at Vale.

"Suppose you begin with that," they would say to the ambitious athlete, who, after measuring the length with his eye, would shake his head and walk away. He knew he never could perform a feat like that, and so he said no more about it.

Hale was graduated from college with high honors and everybody wished him well. He was poor and began teaching school for a living at New London, and was there when news came of the battle of Lexington. He was scarcely twenty years old, but his whole soul glowed with patriotism. He had intended to become a minister, but he felt now that

his duty was to serve his country. He gave up his school at once and went around among his friends, asking them to join him in going to the help of the patriots. A good many did so, and the next day the little company were marching as rapidly as they could to Boston. He was so bright and devoted to his work, that as soon as they arrived Nathan was made a lieutenant. He was set to work guarding the sea coast near New London, but after a time was sent to Boston again, where he was with Washington throughout the siege of that town. He made so fine an officer and was so well liked by his men, that he became a captain.

There was no company in the whole army that showed finer drill and discipline than Captain Hale's. When the term for which his men had enlisted was ended, he offered to give them all his own pay if they would re-enlist. They did so, for they loved their brave captain and knew that he was not afraid of any danger.

One night, in the spring of 1776, Captain Hale picked out a number of his most daring men and rowed out in a boat to where a British vessel was anchored within a few yards of a powerful frigate. Climbing quickly and silently upon the deck, they took the whole crew prisoners, shut them in the hold, and then brought the vessel to the wharf without any one of the enemy suspecting what was going on.

If you will study the history of your country, you will learn that the summer of 1776 was one of gloom and almost despair to the Americans. I have told you how everything seemed to go wrong with the patriots until Washington made his brilliant capture of the Hessians at the close of the year at Trenton. The Americans had suffered a bad defeaton Long Island in August, and only by a narrow chance did the main army manage to escape to Manhattan Island. The British forces were almost double in number and were near at hand, eager to attack the Americans, while a fleet of their war ships were in New York bay. It was a sad time indeed, and had any one but Washington been at the head of the patriot army, it would have been captured.

As it was, Washington felt that he must find out in some way what the enemy meant to do, how many troops it had and how they were placed. There was only one means of getting this knowledge, and that was by sending a spy into the British lines.

You may know that the most dangerous thing a soldier can do is to act as a spy. While he keeps on his uniform and fights in the ranks, if he has the bad fortune to be made a prisoner, his life is in no danger. He may be kept for a good while, but no civilized nation ever

harms a soldier who has been captured in a fair fight.

But it is different with a spy. He does not wear his uniform, but pretends to belong to the enemy's side, or at least is friendly to it. He tries to move about and learn all he can, and then he waits for a chance to slip away and take the news to his own commander. You can see how valuable such knowledge is, for it may give his friends the chance to win a great victory. So it is, that spies are looked upon as so dangerous that if they are caught, they are always hanged or shot. Major Andre, a British spy, was captured within our lines and hanged. All nations follow that course.

You will understand from this that a man must be very brave to play the spy. He must be cool and cautious, for he knows that if he is found out, nothing can save him from the most disgraceful of deaths.

A large number of men in Washington's army were asked to go into the British lines, but every one of them said no—the risk was too great. At last, when it looked as if no one could be persuaded, the matter was named to Captain Hale.

"I'll go," he said, promptly; "I will take any risk for Washington and my country; I am ready to start at once."

Hale went before Washington and told him this. That great man looked admiringly upon the brave handsome youth and reminded him of the dreadful danger which hung over him.

"I have thought of all that," said Hale, with a smile, "and am ready to receive my instructions from your Excellency."

Washington had not many to give. He told Hale that he wished him to learn all he could about the number of troops under Howe, the British commander, where they were placed and what that leader intended to do. As to how the young officer was to learn this, he must settle for himself.

Bidding good-bye to Washington, who took his hand and gave him his best wishes, Captain Hale dressed himself up as a school teacher. He could do that very well, for, as you remember, he had been a teacher. It was at Norwalk that he made this change, leaving his uniform there, while he put on a brown suit and a broad brimmed hat. Then he went aboard of a sloop late at night, and was landed on Great Neck Point, in Huntingdon Bay. He stayed all day and night with a farmer, who was his friend, and the next day boldly walked into the enemy's lines.

I wish I could tell you all that Captain Hale, disguised as a Quaker school teacher, did for the next two weeks, but nobody has ever been able to find out. He spent the whole time with the enemy and must have played his part well, for no one

suspected him. He went from place to place, talked with soldiers and officers, studied the plans of the British general, and did not think of leaving until he had learned all he wanted. He did not trust his memory, but put it down on paper, which he let no one see.

It is known that he visited all the British encampments near Brooklyn, and that he passed the enemy's lines twice.

Finally, at the end of two weeks, he felt that he knew all that was necessary. It was most valuable information, and would be of great help to Washington, who was anxiously looking for his return. Still no one suspected the sober, quiet Quaker school master, and he crossed over from New York to Brooklyn, where he was still in the enemy's lines. Cool, brave and careful, he made his way to Huntingdon.

Captain Hale was now close to his friends. A little further and he would be safe. There a boat was to come for him and take him across the water to the American lines, where his perils would be at an end.

There was a little tavern at Huntingdon, into which he walked and sat down to wait until his comrades came for him. While he was there, a man came in and looked closely at him. Hale did not notice him, and it is a great pity that he did

not, for he was a Tory and a relative of Hale. He recognized the spy, and, slipping out of the tavern, hurried with the news to a British naval officer, whose vessel lay near by.

Meanwhile, Hale, who was watching for the boat to come for him, thought he saw it approaching and walked down to the Point to meet it. With no thought of anything wrong, he took several steps out into the water to leap into the boat, but, as he was about to do so, the men suddenly leveled their guns and ordered him to surrender. Seeing he had been betrayed, he turned and started to run up the bank, but the soldiers called again to him to surrender. He looked around, and saw that he would be shot dead the next instant if he did not obey. So he turned about and again walked down the bank and stepped into the boat belonging to his enemies. He was rowed out to the ship Halifax and there searched. No papers were discovered about his clothing, but knowing how careful spies are to hide their secrets, the officer took off his shoes and pried the soles apart. There the documents were found which proved Nathan Hale to be a spy.

The prisoner scorned to make any denial, and was taken to New York, where he was brought into the presence of Lord Howe, who examined the papers.

"Who are you?" asked the British general.

"Captain Nathan Hale, of the Continental army," was the prompt answer.



"CAPT. NATHAN HALE OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY," WAS THE PROMPT ANSWER.

"You have been within our lines seeking information?"

"I have, sir."

"And you seem to have obtained it," grimly added Howe, looking again at the papers.

"Yes; I was quite successful, and am sorry that I could not place those in the hands of General Washington."

"No doubt; and you are aware also of the punishment which all nations visit upon spies?"

The prisoner bowed his head, as he replied:

"I am, sir; and I do not ask for a court martial. I am ready for whatever you deem right to do with me."

Lord Howe could not help admiring this brave patriot, who, without any boasting in his manner, confessed he was a spy and asked for no mercy. He would have been glad to spare him, but that could not be. He ordered him to be hanged the next morning, and turned him over to William Cunningham, who was Provost Marshal of the British army in New York.

This man Cunningham was one of the most brutal wretches that ever lived. His nature was so base that it filled him with rage to look at one so much better than he. There was standing in the city of New York until a few years ago a large building known as the Sugar House Prison. In that building, a great many American prisoners were confined during the Revolution. Cunningham

took delight in making them suffer and he treated them so savagely that scores of them died miserably. He confessed that he had been the cause of several hundred deaths among the patriots, and was sorry that he was not able to slay a great many more. I may as well tell you that the wretch was hanged himself some time afterwards, as he well deserved to be.

Cunningham was overjoyed to lay hands on so noble a man as Captain Hale. He put him in a cell and at first would not untie the bonds which bound his arms. Hale asked that he might have a light, writing paper and a Bible. The marshal refused with an oath, but one of the guards, who felt sorry for the prisoner, managed to have these favors done for him.

Hale sat up nearly all night, writing letters and reading the sacred book. His aged mother was still living and he knew it would almost break her heart when she learned the fate of her beloved boy. He wrote her a long letter, telling her he was proud to die for his country and he would soon meet her in Heaven. Then he wrote another sweet, sad farewell to Miss Hannah Adams, of Coventry, his home, who had promised to become his wife, but who would never again see him in this world.

When these two letters were finished, he spent a

long time in reading the Bible and in preparing himself for his death, which was only a few hours off. He was a good man, and had no fears of the great change which sooner or later must come to us all.

It was hardly light when the brute Cunningham opened the cell and asked:

"Well, are you ready?"

"I am, sir," was the quiet answer, "but I have a dying favor to ask."

"What is it?"

"That you will see that these letters are forwarded to the addresses on them. It is all that I have to request and I will thank you with all my heart."

Hale handed the two letters to Cunningham, who broke both open, and read them through. Then he tore them in pieces and flung them on the floor. He said afterwards that he did not mean to let the rebels know that one of their number could die with so much firmness.

What a crushing blow it was to the poor patriot that the tender words he had written to his old mother and to the sweet young woman whom he loved would never be read by either of them. His lip quivered as he saw the action of the savage brute, but he said nothing. It could do no good. He had asked no mercy from any one of his

captors and he scorned to beg any favor from this wretch who showed delight in heaping sorrows upon him.

"To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
But to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die."

Captain Hale was led to the gallows and the noose placed around his neck. Cunningham was in a rage because he could not break him down and told him that now he had a chance to make his dying speech and confession. Hale paid no attention to him, but, turning to the bystanders, whose eyes were filled with tears, said:

"My only regret is that I have but one life to give to my country."

"Swing him off! swing off the rebel!" commanded Cunningham.

And so one of the bravest and purest patriots that ever lived died the death of a martyr for his native land.

Another sad fact about the death of Hale is that to this day no one knows where his body was buried. How gladly we would raise a monument over his grave if we knew where to build it. It is thought that it was dug beneath the gallows, but it was never marked and the truth can never be known.

The 25th of November, 1893, was crisp and cold. On that day, thousands of people gathered in City Hall Park, New York, where a statue of Captain Nathan Hale was unveiled. It is an impressive figure, showing the martyr patriot with the thongs upon him, and with an expression of calm nobility and dauntless courage on his countenance.

President Dwight, of Yale College, who knew and loved Hale, wrote of him:

"Thus, while fond Virtue wished to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hopeless grave,
With Genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And science lured him to her sweet abode;
In Worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of peace, the rising star of war;
In duty firm, in danger calm as even—
To friends unchanging, and sincere to heaven.
How short his course! the prize how early won!
While weeping Friendship mourns her favorite son."

XI.

"GENERAL WASHINGTON NEEDS ME, MOTHER."

I have said that but for Washington we would have failed to win our freedom in the Revolution. That is true, and it is the only instance in our history where the success of a great cause depended on one man alone. Had Washington lost his life when making his dangerous journey through the wilderness, or while fighting in the French and Indian War, or in any of the battles of the Revolution, our independence would not have been won until God raised up some other man to do the work.

One of the most striking truths about Washington was that he never lost faith in the success of the sacred cause. Many others who were as eager as he to begin the war, gave up, when the dark days came, those days which it was said "tried men's souls." Some of them asked the King of England to forgive them for rebelling against him, and they became loyal subjects of that country again, but no disaster, defeat or sorrow, could shake the patriotism of Washington.

There were no darker days than at the close of 1776, the second year of the struggle. Everything

seemed to be going wrong with the Americans. They were defeated on Long Island, the city of New York was captured, and only by a narrow chance did Washington succeed in saving his



WASHINGTON'S RETREAT THROUGH NEW JERSEY.

army. He retreated up the Hudson, followed by the conquering red coats, who were so much more numerous that they could not be checked.

Philadelphia was then the capital of the country and its most important city. Knowing that the British would soon try to capture that also, Washington began retreating from New York through New Jersey, hoping to reach the capital in time to save it. That march of the patriots through New Jersey was a dreadful one. The weather was cold and many of the men were barefoot. All were in rags and with scant food, but they had brave hearts, and cheered by the example of their leader, they were ready to fight and give their lives for their beloved country.

Washington's little army was so weak that he could not make any stand before the British, who were so near that the men were continually firing at each other. When Washington, with his five thousand shivering Continentals, crossed the Delaware River into Pennsylvania, at Trenton, Lord Cornwallis, with five times as many soldiers, all well clothed and fed, was marching into the upper part of the town. Had Washington not been so pushing, he and his whole army would have been made prisoners.

But he was secure for the time, while the Delaware, filled with grinding masses of ice, rolled between him and the foe, whose camp fires twinkled across the river. Cornwallis left Colonel Rall with a strong force of Hessians at Trenton, feeling that it was not worth while to chase the ragamuffins any further. Colonel Rall was also a Hessian, which was the name given to the German soldiers whom the king of England hired to come

to America to help conquer our forefathers. The Hessians had merry times in the little town of Trenton. They played cards, drank strong drink, lived on the best of the land, and acted as if there never could be any danger for them. Colonel Rall used to sit up nearly all night drinking hot whiskey and playing cards with Abraham Hunt, the leading merchant in the place.

But Washington, while shivering with his men on the other side of the Delaware, decided to strike a blow that would raise the drooping hopes of his country. He planned to send the patriots across the river in three places, and then fall upon the Hessians at Trenton before they could learn of their danger. He meant to cross about eight miles up the river, while a division did the same opposite the town, and the third made the passage at Bristol, some ten miles below. When the last two tried, however, they found it impossible. The river was so broad, and filled with so much ice, that no boat could be shoved through it. They had to give it up. All therefore depended upon Washington himself.

Now, it happened that at the time I am telling you about, a family named Schenck lived on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, near Taylors-ville, the river at that point being often referred to as "Washington's Crossing," because that is where

he and his twenty-four hundred pataiots fought their way through the icy stream on the 26th of December, 1776. A monument was dedicated on the New Jersey side of the river, and another on the Pennsylvania shore, in October, 1895, to show where this crossing took place. The Schenck family consisted of the father, mother, and a boy about twelve years old. The father had been in the Continental army ever since the war began, and was then in the South, so that the mother and young John made up the household.

It so happened that on that Christmas night the boy was a short distance from his home, when to his amazement he saw a large number of soldiers gathering on the bank of the river. Full of curiosity he drew near and watched them. He knew they were Americans, for they were ragged, some had old shoes, without stockings, despite the fact that the ground was covered with snow. The strangest fact, however, was that the men who were the most poorly dressed seemed to be in the best of spirits. They joked and laughed while helping to roll the cannon into the broad flat boats, in which it was intended to take them to the other side of the river, and one of them, who had to step into the water to move the corner of the boat around. winked at John and made so odd a grimace that the boy could not help laughing.

It was snowing, and the strong wind carried it almost horizontally against the faces and bodies of the soldiers, who paid no attention to it. General Knox had charge of placing the artillery on board the boats, and he was continually passing to and fro, uttering cheery words to the men and now and



JOHN SCHENCK WATCHING THE ARMY.

then adding his own help. With him, and equally active, were Generals Stirling, Sullivan, Stephen, Stark, Mercer, St. Clair and others, all of whom were filled with as much ardor as the men themselves. These poor, ragged fellows were among the best soldiers in the American army, and had been selected for the important movement on foot.

John Schenck stood with his mittened hands in his overcoat pocket, a muffler around his neck and his cap drawn down over his ears, staring at the strange sight, the like of which he had never seen before. No one seemed to notice him or the other neighbors who were watching the scene, for all the soldiers were too intent upon their duty.

Suddenly some one laid his hand upon his shoulder and the boy started and looked around. He knew the moment he looked up in the face of that large, handsome man, whose long cloak was blown about by the wind, though he partly held it in place with one hand, that he was General Washington. He had on large boots, which came to his knees and into which his trousers were thrust, and he wore the three-cornered hat common among the officers of the Continental army.

"What is your name, young man?" asked Washington, in a pleasant voice.

"John Schenck," replied the boy, with just a slight tremor, when he knew that he was talking with this great man.

"Where do you live?"

"A little way down the road, with my mother."

"Is your father dead?"

"No sir; he is somewhere down south fighting."

"He is a good man, and I know you are proud of him as you ought to be."

"Yes sir; and as soon as I get big enough, I'm going to fight against the red coats, too."

Washington smiled at these words and the earnestness of the boy. He put his hand on his head and said:

"I am glad to know that you are so good a patriot, but I want you to do something for me."

"I'll do it if I can!"

"You have always lived here?"

"Yes sir."

"Then you know the roads to Trenton, that is the roads on the other side of the river?"

"I should think I do," was the proud answer of John; "I could go to Trenton with my eyes shut by way of the river road, or by the road further back that passes through Brummagen."

"Just the man we want! My soldiers don't know the road; I have hired several men to show me the way, but I want you, too."

"I'll go!" exclaimed John, with a thrill that he was able to do a favor for General Washington. "How soon do you want to start?"

"Right away, but first you must go home and ask your mother if she can spare you."

"She will be awful glad to have me go, 'cause she thinks General Washington is the greatest and best man that ever lived."

General Knox at that moment was walking past

and heard the words. He did not speak, but shook with silent laughter, and the commander-in-chief himself drew his gloved hand across his face to hide his smile.

The boy started for home, but checked himself. "You won't go without me, will you?"



"GENERAL WASHINGTON NEEDS ME, MOTHER."

"Not if you hurry, my lad."

"I'll hurry like everything; don't go till I come," and away he ran through the cutting wind and eddying snow.

Mrs. Schenck was preparing the evening meal, when she heard the well known step of her boy, who jerked open the gate, ran along the short walk, and burst open the door, his eyes expanding with excitement; as he exclaimed:

"General Washington needs me, mother!"

At first Mrs. Schenck thought her son was crazy.

"General Washington!" she repeated wonderingly; "what's come into your head?"

"Yes, General Washington," repeated the proud boy; "he can't get along without me; he and his whole army are waiting up the river for me; can't do anything till I come; the general told me to come and ask your permission.

After awhile the mother was able to understand it all. General Washington was about to march against the Hessians in Trenton, and he wished her boy to show him the way to the town. Had she any objection? Ah, no.

"Would that you were a little older that you might shoulder a musket and help him fight for our country. Would that I could do something, too! Yes, my son, go, and the blessings of God go with you!"

The mother wished her boy to wait at home long enough to eat his supper, but he could not think of it.

"General Washington is in a hurry and I promised not to keep him waiting."

She thrust some bread and a bit of cake in his pocket, and, kissing him good-bye, watched him as

he ran through the snowy gloom and was quickly lost to sight.

Much to his relief, John found that Washington had "waited for him." He greeted the boy kindly, and told him to stand where he was until he called to him. The men were as busy as beavers and be-



"CROSSING THE DELAWARE."

fore long everything was ready.

"Come, my little man!" said Washington, and, hurrying to his side, the boy sprang into one of the boats which was shoving from shore. The commander-in-chief took his station near the front of one of the broad, flat-bottomed boats in which were a number of cannon, while a dozen men plied their long poles to force it to the New Jersey side of the river.

It was hard work indeed, for the stream seemed choked with huge cakes of ice which ground together, sometimes sliding over each other and bumping against the boat, despite all the men could do to keep them off. It often looked as if the ice would tumble into the boats and sink or knock them to pieces. Once a big mass swung round and hit the boat so hard that John would have been flung off his feet, had not Washington caught his arm and held him upright.

"Look out, my boy," he said pleasantly; "we can't afford to lose you, for you know you are to show us the way to Trenton."

Then the lad braced himself and kept so sharp a watch that he was not in danger of again falling.

The snow turned to sleet and the air was intensely cold, but the brave soldiers toiled hard and cheerfully, and when the lad was wondering how much longer it was all to last, General Knox, who was a little in advance, called out in his cheery voice:

"Here we are at last!"

It was late at night, and the men were so benumbed that several fires were kindled on the shore that they might warm themselves before setting out on the march for Trenton, where the Hessians did not dream of danger.

The twenty-four hundred patriots with their officers at their head marched inland to the hamlet of Birmingham, which is called "Brummagen" by the people in the neighborhood. There a halt was made and the soldiers were formed in two divisions. The one led by General Sullivan took the river road to Trenton. This follows the bank of the Delaware, so that if no mistake was made, Sullivan would enter the lower part of the town. The other division under General Greene marched over the Scotch road, as it is called. There is little difference in the distances, and the plan of Washington was that the two divisions should reach the town at the same time and make their attack together.

Washington went with Greene. The storm was now at their backs and they moved with more ease than would be supposed. The guides consisted of fourteen farmers living in the neighborhood, besides the boy John Schenck.*

For hours the long, silent march over the snow was continued. No drums or fifes were sounded,

^{*}The names of Washington's guides were Colonel Joseph Phillips, Captain Phillips, Lieutenant Elias Phillips, all of Lawrence; Joseph Inslee, John Muirhead, John Guild, Edon Burroughs, Stephen Burroughs, Ephrain Woolsey, Henry Simmonds, of Hopewell township; and Captain John Mott, David Lanning, Amos Scudder and William Green, of Trenton.

for all depended upon surprising the Hessians. From the houses here and there along the highway, the twinkling lights showed that the farmer folk were beginning to stir themselves. Some of them came to the front of their dwellings and looked out wonderingly at the shadowy figures moving along the road, but little if anything was said. John Schenck marched proudly with the guides at the head of the soldiers, feeling that he was doing important work for Washington. Most of the guides knew him and greeted him pleasantly.

It was beginning to grow light, when Washington's advance guard came upon the Hessian outposts. The latter fired and started to run. A Hessian lieutenant dropped to the ground mortally wounded and lay dying, as the patriots ran by him in pursuit of the others, who were making all haste to the town. Among the Americans thus chasing the enemy, was Lieutenant Monroe, then hardly nineteen years old, who afterwards became president of the United States.

Greene made his attack at the upper end of the town, and almost at the same moment firing from the direction of the rivershowed that Sullivan had opened the fight there. Thus the Hessians were caught between two fires. Colonel Rall heard the firing and, hardly recovered from his drinking bout of the night before, rushed out and strove to

rally his men. He brought up two or three cannon, but, before they could be fired, a party of Americans, of which Lieutenant Monroe was one of the leaders, made a dash and captured them. Washington directed the fire of six pieces of artillery down the street, which scattered the Hessians.

Young Schenck was watching the fight with no thought of the danger in which he stood, when he saw the Hessian leader stagger and throw up his arms. He had been struck by a bullet and mortally hurt, but with the help of two of his sergeants, he walked painfully up to where Washington was sitting on his horse and handed him his sword, asking him to be kind to his prisoners.

Some of the Hessians had tried to escape in the direction of Princeton, but they were headed off by Hand's Riflemen and surrendered. A few fled, but nearly a thousand were taken prisoners, besides six cannon and many small arms. Twenty of the Hessians were killed and about seventy-five wounded. Of the Americans, only four were wounded and two killed. It is believed by many that the two owed their death to the extreme cold rather than the bullets of the enemy.

It seems strange to speak of the battle of Trenton as an important one, when we remember that in many of the battles during the Civil War, the killed and wounded on both sides were numbered by the hundreds and thousands. But the importance of the affair at Trenton was the effect it produced. It cheered the patriots everywhere and was like sunshine breaking through the darkness. Fourteen hundred of the New England soldiers, whose terms of service were ended and who were about to go home, re-enlisted and the Continental army was increased to six thousand men. Money was scarce, but Robert Morris, who did so much for the patriots, had no trouble now in collecting fifty thousand dollars in Philadelphia in gold and silver which he sent to Washington that he might pay his troops.

While the battle of Trenton was under way, Washington had no time to think of anything else; but after it was over, he went into the house where the wounded Hessian commander had been carried, and, with uncovered head, took the dying man's hand and expressed his sorrow for his great misfortune.

It so happened that while Colonel Rall was play ing cards and drinking the night before, some one called at the door of Abraham Hunt's house and left a letter for the officer. He was so interested in the cards that he thrust the letter into his pocket, intending to look at it when the game was finished. But he forgot all about it. It came to his mind while he lay on his bed and he had the letter taken out and read to him. It proved to have been written by a Tory, that is an American who was an enemy to his country, and warned Rall that Washington was marching against him. Had Colonel Rall not forgotten that letter, the battle of Trenton would have been a very different affair.

When Washington came out of the house after bidding the Hessian commander good-bye, he saw John Schenck on the street. Calling the lad to him, he took his hand and said:

"Now, my son, go home to your mother and tell her that General Washington said you have done your duty like a true patriot. Bid her to pray for our country, and assure her that all will be well."

As he released the hand of the boy. John felt him place something in his palm. He did not look to see what it was until he had started homeward. Then he saw that it was a bright, golden sovereign. He treasured it all his life, but it was never quite so dear and sweet to him as the hand-clasp and the kind words of General Washington.

XII.

A WISE ACT BY A SILLY BOY.

Our histories tell us about the strong efforts which England made during the Revolution to conquer our forefathers who were fighting so bravely for their liberty. More than once it looked as if we were to be beaten. Many who had high hopes at first gave up and said there was no use of fighting longer, but Washington and his brave generals and thousands of patriot soldiers would not yield. They knew that heaven was on their side, and that, if they did not falter, they would win in the end.

Now, if you will look at your maps, you will see that all the New England States lie on the east of the large state of New York. In 1777, England was sure she had found a way of conquering the colonies by sending a powerful army from Canada down through the eastern part of New York. Such an army would take possession of the Hudson River, Lake Champlain and several forts that we had built in that section. There was another strong British army in the city of New York, which was to go up the Hudson and meet the other near Albany. Thus you see New England would

be cut off from the other colonies, just the same as if a great wedge had been driven between. Holding them thus apart, other British armies, as it was thought, would compel New England to give up the fight, while still another force would do the same with the rest of the country.

This was a grand campaign, and, unless our enemies could be stopped in some way, they were sure to conquer the whole country. It was a dreadful danger, but the patriots saw it and made up their minds that it should not succeed if they could prevent it.

The name of the British general who started from Canada to do this great work, was Burgoyne. He had seven thousand soldiers, with plenty of cannon, and, before he had gone far on the way, he hired several thousand Indians to help him. His army was so large that the Americans could not get together one-half so many. But that did not discourage them; they were resolved to do all they could to beat back the invaders. They had whipped the red coats a good many times with a small force of their own, and they were not afraid to try it again.

Burgoyne meant to do more than march his army down from Canada. A good deal, and indeed the larger part of New York, lies to the westward of the route which he had picked out for himself. So he sent another strong force of soldiers with Indians and several hundred Tories to conquer the patriots to the west. The Tories, as you may know, were those Americans who, instead of fighting for their country, helped the British and Indians. Many of them were very cruel and were glad to do all the harm they could.

These bad men went up the St. Lawrence until they reached Lake Ontario. There they left their boats and started down the Mohawk River. They meant to conquer all the patriots they could find on the way and burn their homes until they reached Albany, where they expected to join the main army under Burgoyne.

When these soldiers, Tories and Indians reached the head of the Mohawk, they found a fort, which had only six hundred men to defend it, hardly onethird as many as those that were marching against it.

There was living, near by, a brave man named Nicholas Herkimer. He had served his country before and was a fine officer. When he learned that the enemy would soon arrive, he resolved to do all he could to prevent their capturing the fort. He went among his friends and soon had several hundred gathered, with guns and all ready to go to the help of the fort. The British heard what he was doing, and sent against him twice as many

men as General Herkimer had. With them were a large number of Indians, as the British were afraid to meet General Herkimer in a fair fight, and they took the red men along because they meant to fight as the Indians do.

Some of the Indians, who were prowling through the woods, learned which way the Americans would go to reach the fort. They ran back and told the rest, and then all hurried on ahead and made what is called an ambuscade. That is, the hundreds of soldiers and Indians and Tories hid themselves among the rocks and trees, on both sides of the path, over which the Americans were making their way to the fort.

Sad to say the Americans had no thought of any danger like that, and they were marching along in high spirits, certain of soon reaching the fort, when they would help the garrison to beat off the invaders. All at once the woods on the right and left burst into flame, as hundreds of guns were fired, while the Indians whooped and shouted with delight to see how they had surprised the Americans.

General Herkimer was seated on his horse, when he was struck by a bullet and hurt so badly that he fell to the ground and knew he could not live long. But he took the saddle from his steed, which had been killed, propped it against a tree, and then, sitting down and leaning against

it, gave his orders just as coolly as if he was not hurt at all, with no enemy within miles of them.

His men were grieved to see him fall, but knowing how skillful he was, they did just as he ordered. The garrison, hearing the firing, rushed out from the fort and the Indians. Tories and British soon had to flee for their lives. They were badly beaten, but the brave Herkimer soon afterward died.

The enemy, however, did not give up their siege of the fort. They had so many men that they were sure they could take it before long, no matter how bravely the Americans fought. It would be a sore loss to lose this fort, and, in the hope of saving it, General Benedict Arnold was sent with several hundred soldiers to drive away the British; but, although he was one of the most daring officers of the Revolution, he had not enough men to do so. He reached the neighborhood of the British, and saw that they numbered more than double his force and were all well armed. His own patriots were ready to fight, but it would be folly to attack an army that was so much stronger than his own; as he was certain to be beaten.

Now there was living in that part of the country at that time, a Tory family who had a boy named Honyost. He had little wit, and was looked upon by his playmates as so stupid that I have no doubt they laughed at him, as many thoughtless lads are apt to do with an afflicted child like him.

Honyost did not know enough to keep his silly thoughts to himself. He was a tall, awkward-looking lad, with yellow hair, and, because his father was a Tory, he thought he must be one too. So he let his friends know that he hoped the patriots would all be killed by the British, and he grinned and chuckled to think that the enemies of his country before long would have the fort and all the patriots in it.

If the acquaintances of Honyost had not known that he was simple, they would not have allowed him to talk that way, but they looked upon him as harmless and paid little attention to what he said. Once or twice, he was warned to keep a guard over his tongue, lest some of the Americans who did not know what a simpleton he was, should think it their duty to punish him.

"I'm not afraid," he said; "they daresn't hurt me; for, if they do, the British will cut their heads off."

"Maybe the British won't be able," suggested one of his friends.

"Oh yes they will; they are so strong that none of the Americans can get away from them."

The next thing Honyost knew, an American soldier seized him by the collar of his coat and

walked him off to General Arnold's camp. Poor Honyost was scared almost out of his wits. He was sure that he would be put to death, and he cried and begged to be let go, declaring that he did not mean what he said; that he was as good a patriot as anyone and he hoped all the British would be driven out of the country.

But the soldier was very angry, and never let go of Honyost until he had brought him into the presence of General Arnold and told him that he was one of the worst Tories in the country.

Arnold had no intention of harming the boy, for he saw at once that he had so little wit that he could hardly be blamed for what he said and did, but he thought he would give him a good fright. So he told him he would keep him awhile and decide whether to shoot or hang him.

As may be supposed, poor Honyost was in a distressful state of mind. He was sure he would never see home again, and he bellowed and bemoaned his fate, and said many times that if the American officer would let him go that once, he would be the best patriot in the whole country for the rest of his life. But Arnold shook his head and said no. There were already too many Tories in the country, and it was time that he got rid of some of them. So the best way was to begin with the boys and cut them off before they were able to do any harm.

By and by some one told the mother of Honyost that he was a prisoner in the American camp, and she was not likely to see him again. The poor woman was in great anguish, for no mother ever forgets her boy, no matter how foolish or bad he may be. And if a child is afflicted as was hers, she feels more tender and loving toward him than toward her stronger and more favored children.

She was certain that the American officer did not know how afflicted her son was, and that as soon as he learned, he would set him free. At the same time, she was ready to promise that he should cease his idle talk against the patriots.

So the mother hurried to the American camp, and was taken to the headquarters of General Arnold, who gave orders, when he learned who she was, that she should be brought before him.

The mother was ready to fall on her knees and with clasped hands and tears streaming down her cheeks, beg him to spare the life of her boy. General Arnold looked very stern and said nothing for a time. Finally he spoke:

"What will you do to save the life of your son?"

"Anything! anything!" replied the woman, catching at the hope.

"Are you willing to let him do anything I wish?"

"Yes; if it is in his power, no matter what it is."

"What I ask is not much," said Arnold, as if his mind was not fully made up, "and perhaps I am foolish in thinking he will do it. I guess it will be better for me to have your boy shot, and then

there will be one less Tory in the country."

The mother gave way to grief again, wringing her hand and begging the general to let her know what it was her boy could do to

"It is this," interrupted General Ar-

save his life.



nold; "he must general arnold and the woman pleading go into the for her son.

British camp and make them believe that I have twice as many men as they, and that, if they stay longer in the neighborhood, they will all be captured or killed." "He will do it! he will do it!" exclaimed the delighted mother.

"Are you sure he will?" asked Arnold; "has he enough sense to do such a thing?"

"Certainly he has; just tell him what you want him to say and how to act and it shall all be said and done."

"Well, I'll try it; if he doesn't succeed, remember his life pays the forfeit," said Arnold, though it is hard to understand how he could take the boy's life when he would be in the British camp.

But the plan was soon arranged. A number of bullets were fired through the clothes of Honyost, and he was told to run as hard as he could for the British camp and to make the soldiers and their officers think that he had barely escaped with his life, and that the American soldiers were like the leaves on the trees.

Honyost did exactly as he promised. When he ran panting among the British troops, and was asked to give an account of himself, he related the story as he had been ordered to. While he was doing so, an Indian who was a friend of the patriots, rushed in among the Indians, who were helping the British and Tories, with a similar story. It is not likely that the invaders would have believed Honyost but for this, but when he and the Indian brought the same message, every word

that they said was accepted as strict truth. The British commander was sure that if he lingered longer he would be cut off. Most of his Indians were so alarmed by what they had been told, that they fled at once. The British were so frightened that they were not much behind them. In their panic, they left their cannon and provisions, and lost no time in getting as far away as they could from the dreaded American army.

It may be added that Burgoyne's invasion also came to naught. He was attacked by the Americans some weeks later, and, being unable to get any food for his soldiers, he surrendered his whole army. It was one of the most important victories of the Revolution and helped greatly to win our independence.

XIII.

"THE BRAINS OF THE REVOLUTION—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, Sir William Phips was made governor of Massachusetts. He was a native of Maine and the people liked him very much. There was one strange fact about him: he had five sisters and exactly twenty brothers. What a family that was! How fine it must have been for the eldest brother, if he could make the others, a score, obey him, as many older brothers do? Perhaps you know something about such things, though I have never seen quite so large a family as that.

While Sir William Phips was governor, there was another man living in Boston who had a large family, though not so numerous as that of the head officer of the province. His name was Franklin and he had seventeen sons and daughters. He was very poor, so that as soon as the boys were old enough, they had to help earn their living. The youngest son was Benjamin and he was born in 1706. The father boiled soap and made candles. There was nothing pleasant about the work, and we cannot wonder that the lad took

every chance he could to slip out of the shop and play with the other boys. All the schooling he received was barely two years, but he was very rugged and strong and swam so well that it was said no man in the country could excel him. Washington afterward became as skillful, but Benjamin was never beaten in any of his swimming matches. We must remember, too, that when Washington was born, Franklin was twenty-six years old.

This boy was very fond of boating and he begged his father to let him become a sailor, but the parent refused. One of his brothers had run away from home, and Mr. Franklin was so afraid that young Benjamin would do the same, that he bound him out to an older son, named James, who had a printing office. When Benjamin was "bound out" or "apprenticed," as it was called, he was obliged to work for his brother until twenty-one years old. Then he would become his own master and could do as he pleased.

Most boys do not like to be bound out, but Benjamin could not have been more delighted. I doubt whether there was ever a boy more fond of a book than he. Whenever he got the chance he would borrow a book. He would walk along the streets reading the volume, bumping into persons and sometimes losing his way, because no one can

do two things well at the same time. If he was allowed to carry the book home, he would take a tallow candle to his room and sit up till he had read the last page. Sometimes that would take him until after midnight and often he did not lay the book down until daylight. He never could have stood this trying practice, had he not been very strong and otherwise careful in his habits, and had he not always refused to taste a drop of beer or liquor.

It did not take Benjamin long to learn to set type. When he read the articles printed in his brother's paper, he made up his mind that he could write better ones and he did. He slipped them under the door of the printing office and his brother was so pleased with them that he printed every one. Neither he nor anyone suspected that Master Benjamin was the author.

You know that now newspapers say almost what they please about persons, and there is little law against it, but it was different when Franklin was a boy. Something was printed in James Franklin's paper which the rulers did not like. So James was sent to jail for a month, during which Benjamin brought out the paper. He wrote a great many sharp things about the government and came near getting into the same trouble that had overtaken his brother. When at last James

was set free, he was not allowed to print a newspaper in his own name. He therefore used Benjamin's name, but before doing so, was obliged to release the boy from his apprenticeship. Benjamin told James that that would make no difference, as he would stay with him until twenty-one.

Now, although Benjamin was wonderfully bright, he did some things that were wrong. He was saucy to his older brother, and they had many quarrels, during which Benjamin now and then got his ears cuffed and it served him right. One of their quarrels was so angry that, despite his promise, Benjamin ran out of the office and declared that he would serve his brother no longer.

James was so indignant that he sent word to the other few printing offices in Boston asking them to show no favors to his younger brother. So wherever he went, he was turned away. There was nothing for him to do in Boston, and he made up his mind to go to New York. He had a few precious books, which he sold, and thus gained enough money to pay his passage on a sloop to the big town, which is now one of the greatest cities in the world.

You would think that a skillful printer would have little trouble in getting a place in New York, but you must remember that at that time the present vast city was only a small town. The boy

tramped from office to office, but at none could he get work. One man told him the best thing he could do was to go to Philadelphia, which was then the largest city in the country. Benjamin acted on the advice, and sailed for the village of Amboy. He had a hard time. A dreadful storm came up and it looked as if the little vessel would go down with all on board. All night long the waves dashed over the deck and there was not a dry thread on him. At last, he landed in a faint and starving condition, but he was sturdy and in high health. He set out to walk to Burlington, getting food from the farmers on the road, just as the tramps do today.

When he reached Burlington, which is the oldest town on the Delaware above Philadelphia, he found a row boat about to start for the city. He asked the privilege of riding the twenty miles, and they told him that he might do so if he would take his turn at the oars. He was glad to do that, and it may be said that he "worked his passage," for the big boy of seventeen did the work of a man all the way.

When the darkness of night closed about the boat, Philadelphia was not in sight and no one knew how far off it was. So they kept on rowing until daylight, when they made the curious discovery that they had passed the city with-

out knowing it. They turned the boat around and rowed back.

At last young Franklin was in Philadelphia, and he felt that he must do something, for it was his



FRANKLIN, WHEN A YOUNG MAN, EATING HIS LUNCH IN THE STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA.

last chance. He wandered up and down the streets, his clothing rumpled and soiled and his pockets crammed with his extra stockings and shirt. Many people turned around to look at the big, awkward country boy and smiled at his odd appearance. But no one knew him, and when he

caught sight of a baker's shop, he dashed in and bought several rolls, which he ate with vigorous appetite, while still tramping the streets.

A comely lass, standing in the door of her home, burst into laughter when she saw the boy pass, with stuffed pockets and mouth full of bread. Her name was Deborah Read and a few years later she became the wife of Franklin.

Benjamin did not have to search long before he found a printer who gave him a trial. That was all the lad wanted, for he very soon proved himself the best printer in the place. Not only that, but he never drank anything but water, gave close attention to business and was bright and frugal. His employer said it was a lucky day for himself when young Franklin came to him for a job.

A good many people heard of the fine printer, and one day Sir William Heath, the governor of Pennsylvania, came to the office and asked to see him. Wondering what his business could be, Benjamin went forward in his workman's apron to meet him. The governor said that having learned of his skill, he had called with a friend to urge him to set up a printing office of his own. Benjamin replied nothing would please him better, but he had no money and he did not believe his father would help him. But the governor was a pompous man and wrote a note to the father of Benjamin,

saying that his parent could not refuse to help him after reading that.

With a new suit of clothes, a watch and a few extra dollars Benjamin sailed for Boston, and, full of high hopes, handed Governor Heath's letter to his father. He read the letter and refused to give his boy a penny, saying he was too young to go into business on his own account. So, much disappointed, Benjamin went back to Philadelphia.

The governor, however, was resolved that Benjamin should have an office of his own, and now told him that if he would go to London he would give him letters of introduction, to people there, who would provide him with everything he needed. Benjamin sailed, not doubting that the letters were in the ship's bag, but when the bag was opened there was no letter for the boy, and he landed in London a stranger and without any means of doing that on which he had set his hopes.

He kept heart and it did not take him long to find a job, where he made himself more useful than any of the other printers. These men laughed at him because he drank nothing but water, and declared that no one could be strong who did not use beer. Franklin asked them to make a trial with him of strength. Among them all there was not one who could lift as much as he. They had nothing to say after that.

Franklin's love for books grew with his years. When his work was over, he was always reading something useful and instructive. He never wasted a minute. With his strong appetite for food, he denied himself, and often went hungry and dressed poorly, in order that he might buy books. He had a fine memory and stored his mind with knowledge.

By and by, he went back to Philadelphia and started in business for himself. Since he had no money, he was forced to run in debt, but he toiled hard, sometimes all through the night. People could not fail to note his industry, and it was not long before he was making money. He began printing a newspaper, and made it the brightest and most interesting journal in America. He was witty, and no matter what he wrote about, every one liked to read it. He married the young woman who some years before laughed at him, paid all his debts and became prosperous.

Besides his newspaper, Franklin published an almanac each year, which soon became the most popular of anything of the kind. He called it "Poor Richard's Almanac," and it was full of wise and witty sayings, as well as useful information, which made it welcome in thousands of homes and earned him a good deal of money. The almanac appeared for many years and the old volumes are

still admired for the wealth of good sense and wisdom which they contain.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the most wonderful men that have been born in our country. He founded a public library in Philadelphia and other towns imitated him. He invented a stove which saved most of the heat that used to go up the chimnev. He founded a school which is now the famous University of Pennsylvania. He seemed always to be thinking out some way of helping those around nim. When the French and Indian War began, he helped to send soldiers to the border, where the settlers suffered much from the Indians. He was made a colonel, but showed again his good sense by resigning, for it did not take him long to find out that nature never meant him for a military man. Those who wish to be officers generally wait for others to learn their unfitness and rarely believe it themselves.

All of you have seen the lightning flash and heard the thunder roar. You know how quickly lightning will kill a person. In some states, they use electricity to take the life of a criminal instead of hanging, as in most of them. Electricity is in everything, but we know little about its nature. Some day we shall know it all, for new discoveries are being made almost every day. Franklin invented the lightning rod which has

been the means of saving many lives and much property.

Perhaps you have seen the electricity made by a machine. After studying that a long time, Franklin came to believe it was of the same nature as that which is seen in the sky during a storm. No one else had ever thought of such a thing, and he now got out to learn the real truth.

He made a large kite of silk, tying the string to a metal point on the kite. That part of the string which he held in his hand was fastened to a ribbon of silk, through which lightning will not pass. We call such bodies as silk and glass, non-conductors, because they will not conduct electricity through them. He held the ribbon in his hand and tied a metal key just above it on the hemp twine.

Now, if Franklin was right in his belief, the electricity would come down the twine from the clouds and stop upon reaching the silk in his hand. It would be easy to tell when this was done, for the little particles of twine would stand out like the hair of a cat's tail when she is angry.

Franklin did not wish to be bothered by people who would gather round him, if he sent up his kite in the day time, so he waited for a dark night when a severe storm was raging. The kite shot up in the darkness and quickly passed out of sight. He let out the string, until he held only the silken cord

in his hand. He was standing alone in a shed with a lamp and his eyes fixed on the hempen cord. Soon he saw it was strangely excited. The little bits stood out like burrs. He timidly reached his knuckle toward the key. Instantly a spark of fire leaped out and almost knocked him over. This proved that lightning and electricity are the same. He was right, and the discovery made him famous in England and America.

Franklin made many experiments in the same line. One day, when he had his kite in the sky and the hempen cord was bristling with electricity, he thought he would try the effects on a turkey. He walked carefully around it, trying to get the string so near, that the fluid would leap from it into the bird, but the latter did not like his movements and kept stepping out of the way. Franklin followed it up, and once got the string so near the head of the bird, that, without thinking, he reached his hand above the silken cord, so as to move the string better. The instant he did so, the electric charge darted through his arm into his body and half-killed him. When he recovered from the shock, he said:

"I didn't kill the turkey, but I knocked over a goose."

Franklin was an old man when our struggle for independence began, but he showed so much wisdom, was so patriotic and gave so great help to the colonies that he has often been called "the brains of the Revolution."

When it looked as if war was to come, Franklin was sent across the ocean to see whether he could not persuade King George III. to show justice to his American colonies. If any American could have succeeded, Franklin was the man; but the king was ugly and would not listen to reason. He declared that the colonies must be taxed and that



they should not be allowed to send one of their number to the British parliament to have a voice in making the laws for our country. This was called "taxation without representation." Nothing could be said that would change his views and Franklin came home to give his great help in

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. the war for liberty.

His advice was sought by the leading men of our country. He gave much help in drawing up the Declaration of Independence, though the main credit belongs to Thomas Jefferson, who was the real author. Some of the names signed to that immortal paper were written in a beautiful hand, but there is none more graceful than that of Franklin.

You will learn elsewhere the story of the Revolution. England put forth all her strength to con-

quer the rebels, as she called the patriots who were struggling for freedom. She would have succeeded, too, for no nation was as powerful as she, had we not received help from France. That country had long been an enemy of England and she showed much friendship for us. When Franklin went to the gay court, dressed in his plain old fashioned way, he was made welcome by the ladies and gentlemen, who gathered around the old man and were charmed by his wit, good humor and wisdom. He persuaded France to send many arms to this country and to loan us money. Not only that, but some of her best men, like Lafavette came across the Atlantic and helped to fight our battles without taking a penny in payment. So at last we won our independence, and we should never forget her aid in our hour of greatest need.

When the Revolution was over, the country was in so sad a state that it would have gone to ruin, had not Washington, Franklin and other wise men joined together in 1787, to form the Constitution under which we have lived so happily ever since. Franklin was then more than eighty years of age, but among all our wise men there was none wiser than he.

He died in Philadelphia in 1790, at the age of eighty-four. Fully twenty thousand people attended his funeral, for he stood next to Washington in the love and reverence of the American people.

In 1779 Franklin was envoy from the United States to France, and wrote a letter to one of his friends as follows:

"You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

"When I was a child of seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money. They laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

"This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, Don't give too much for the whistle: and I saved my money.

"As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

"When I saw one too ambitious to court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, This man gives too much for his whistle.

"When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs

and ruining them by that neglect, He pays, indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.

"If I knew a miser, who gave up any kind of a comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man*, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.

"When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, Mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

"If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, Alas! say I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

"When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, What a pity, say I, that she should pay so much for her whistle!

"In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

' Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever yours, very sincerely and with unalterable affection.

"B. FRANKLIN."

XIV.

HOW OUR FOREFATHERS LIVED.

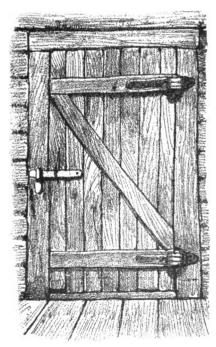
The settlement of our country went on slowly, so that when the revolution began, all the people did not number more than those in New York or Chicago to-day. If you will open your atlas and look at the map of the United States, you will see that there are forty-five States and several Territories, while railways, canals, cities, towns, villages, lakes, mountains and rivers are everywhere to be seen. Of course the land and water have always been here, but a hundred years ago, you would have found very little else beyond the Alleghanies. Far away to the Pacific, stretched the thousands of miles of forest, mountain, prairie and river, without a single white man in all that vast solitude. It was traversed only by the Indians and wild beasts. If you will picture a fringe of snow along the eastern edge of the country, from Maine to Florida, it will show the settled portion of the United States. All the rest, except where here and there a few hunters or trappers had made their way, was unknown.

I wonder whether the girls and boys of to-day ever think how much better off they are, than were their grandparents and great grandparents when they were children. Let me tell you something about the life of a lad in those far-away days.

In the first place, remember there were no rail-ways or steamboats to make travel swift and pleasant, no coal or gas in use, no telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, bicycles, no matches and few newspapers and books. The papers and books could not be compared with what we now have, and there were hundreds of little things which you think you cannot do without that were unknown a hundred years ago.

On a cold morning in mid-winter, when there was nothing but ice and snow out doors, and it felt still colder in the house, you would probably be called, if you were a boy of twelve or fifteen, to get out of your warm bed, and go down stairs to look after the fire. Your teeth would chatter, and you would feel as if you must freeze to death before any warmth could be gained from the broad, cheerless hearth. Before ging to bed the night before, the wood fire in the big fire place (for they had no stoves), was carefully covered with ashes, in the morning raked aside, and kindling put on the coals. Soon there was a big blaze roaring and sending most of the heat up the chimney. If, however, the fire had "gone out," you would either run

to the nearest neighbor's, and bring some live coals on a shovel from his hearth, or use the flint and steel. With your numb fingers you would strike the steel as fast as you could against a piece of yellow flint, and the sparks would fly. By and by one would catch on a bit of rag or paper, and then with your frosty breath, you would blow that into a flame, and at last start a fire.



THE DOORS WERE HUNG ON WOODEN HINGES.

The house of the pioneer was made of logs, and the chinks between the logs were filled with clay, while the roof was thatched with long grass.

Some of the houses had the logs hewn square, so that clay did not have to be used, or the frame might be of massive oak timbers, with split oak clapboards on the sides and the roof covered with split ce-

dar shingles fastened with big nails of wrought iron. Shingles like those have lasted for a hundred years. The windows were small and opened outward. They had little pieces of glass of diamond shape, though at an earlier date, oiled paper was used. Watches and clocks were so scarce that the housewife told the noon hour by a certain point reached by the rays of the sun. If the sun did not shine, she would have to make the best guess she could.

Most of the doors were hung on wooden hinges, and were secured by heavy cross bars of wood. The latch was lifted by means of a string which was shoved from within through a little hole above the

latch and dangled outside. The door was locked by pul-

ling the string in, for then no one who was out doors had any way of lifting the latch. When a man told his

friend that his "latch string was always out," he

meant his friend to know that he was always welcome to his house.

There being no stoves, the cooking was done on iron crates, which reached out like a gibbet over the fire and held the pot-hooks on which the food or kettles were hung. Sometimes meat was spread on the live coals and broiled in that way. The ceiling was so low that a tall man had to stoop to keep from bumping his head against it. The floor had no carpet, but was strown with white or yellow sand, in which the housewife or thrifty daughter wrought quaint patterns with her broom. The "dips," or home made tallow candles, or a pine knot full of pitch and on the hearth, gave all the light the room had at night, except that which came from the fire. When the wind blew down the chimney, the room was filled with smoke. On a cold day, a person standing before the blaze would have one side of his body very warm, while the other side might freeze. The only thing he could do, was to get as near the fire as possible, and keep turning round.

No one ever heard of ice in summer. The butter was kept hard by hanging it in a pail near the bottom of a well. The big, luscious strawberries, and the peaches, pears and grapes of today were unknown. People did not eat tomatoes, because they were believed to be poisonous. They were called "love apples."

The dining tables were not covered with a cloth, and chairs were often so scarce, that the children had to stand up while eating. Wooden platters served for plates, though well-to-do people had pewter dishes. Tea and coffee were unknown.

Traveling was mostly on horseback or on foot. If a man wished to go to a distant part of the country, he went aboard a sloop and sailed along the coast. With a fair wind, the trip between New York and Philadelphia, could be made in three days. When the stages by great haste covered the distance in two days, they were called "flying machines."

The same journey is now made in two hours.

There were no Sunday schools, but the sermons at church were often two or three hours long. The young men and the young women all sat apart from each other. The boys had to sit on the pulpit stair or in the galleries. If a lad became drowsy and nodded, the watchful constable tapped his head with the end of a stick to which was fastened the foot of a rabbit. If the boy's mother or sister grew wearied at the end of the second hour of the sermon and her eyelids drooped, the constable gently brushed her forehead with the other end of the stick to which was tied the soft tail of a rabbit. No fire was allowed in church during the coldest days in winter, though in the case of an

invalid or a delicate woman, she might make use of a foot warmer. It is not so very many years ago that it was considered wicked to have a carpet on the floor of a church or to make use of instrumental music.

The schools were miserable affairs. Many people now living can remember when they opened at eight in the morning and closed at five in the afternoon, with a recess of two hours at noon, during which the teacher and many of the pupils went home for their dinners. School was kept open every day except Sunday. Then the half Saturday or every other Saturday session was adopted.

The benches were hard and knotty and seemed to have been made with the sole view of being as uncomfortable as possible. The teachers did not know how nor did they care to make their instruction pleasant. If the pupil asked his teacher for help in working out some problem in "Single or double rule of three" he would have his ears cuffed, while the teacher thundered, "Larn the rule!" and then punished him because in repeating the rule he mis-called a word.

Contrast this with the schools of the present time. In nearly all cities and towns there are fine school buildings, with much attention given to the comfort and advancement of the boys and girls attending them. There are beautiful text-books, and, in many schools, fine libraries, and an abundance of other articles to make school work easy and profitable. You should be thankful for these advantages, and endeavor to use them and your time so as to receive the most benefit possible from them.

ınd∙ ≥asy

ible .



